McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — "OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY" — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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GUILTY!

GODINO GUILTY OF MURDER IN FIRST DEGREE.

The Jury Renders That Verdict Last Night at 10:25 O'Clock.

PRISONER WAS MUCH CONCERNED

And Took the Verdict With Great Emotion—Jury Was Out About Four Hours—Rocco Doqui Receives Second Degre—Other Court Matters.

The jury in the Godino case after being out a little over four hours brought in their verdict last night. The ringing of the court house bell proclaimed the news that a decision had been reached. At 10:25 the jury filed in and when asked their verdict replied, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Each juror was called and gave that as their verdict.

The prisoner when told his fate by the Italian interpreter broke down completely, sobbing and tearing his hair and muttering in Italian, the interpretation in part is: "As God in Heaven is a just God he will weigh this evidence; for I am innocent, for I am innocent." When removed by the officers the fellow broke down and seemed to be chanting a prayer.

The penalty for murder in the first is hanging, and the court will no doubt pass that sentence upon Godino this week. The date of the execution will be set by Governor Pennypacker.

THE TRIAL.

Shortly after the afternoon session had opened on Monday the case of the Commonwealth vs. Frank Godino was called. Godino is supposed to have been the ringleader in the Coryville murder and it is thought that it was a shot fired by him that killed Guiseppi Tiberi at Coryville on the night of the 26th day of March. A description of the affray is not necessary to the readers as it has been published previously and most of it was brought out in the Rocco Doqui trial, of which there is extended mention.

Some difficulty was had in securing a jury for this case. In the afternoon the entire panel of 36 jurors was used and but ten men had been chosen. Sheriff Mitchell then went out and secured 24 more men and nearly all of these were called and rejected before the jury was completed.

The following is the jury: F. B. Grentzer, Norwich township; Chas. E. Hampson, Bradford; W. H. Huston, Foster township; W. M. McAllister, Liberty township; Calvin DeYoung, Kane; A. B. Lucas, Bradford; H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. J. Morris, Bradford township; J. W. Anderson, Sergeant township; E. B. Chappelle, Bradford; John Ovitt, Norwich township, and Harry Roder, Keating township.

District Attorney Mayo was assisted in the prosecution by his father, E. R. Mayo, while the interests of the prisoner were in the hands of Attorneys E. L. Keenan and T. H. Morrison.

The prisoner, Godino, has sat in his chair back of his counsel and seemed to take great interest in all that has occurred. He chewed his tobacco as if nervous, but at no time has he seemed to take his eyes and ears off the proceedings as they go on from day to day.

At Tuesday's court the witnesses for the prosecution were heard. The same witnesses were called that gave testimony in the trial of Rocco Doqui last week. The Italian woodcutters who were at the camp on the night the Italian was killed gave evidence to the effect that Frank Godino and his three companions came to the place, knocked for admittance and were invited into the house. Godino did the talking for the party. He it was who asked for money for an imaginary sick countryman. It was Godino who, on failing to get money from the party, called Tiberi to him from another room and who, when refused by Tiberi, sought to emphasize his demand for money by deliberately pulling his revolver and shooting at the young man. At the first shot Tiberi fell. There were two other shots according to the witnesses. They were badly frightened when the firing began and crouched under the table or hurried upstairs to get out of the way of the bullets. Possidio Tiberi, a cousin of the murdered man, undertook to return the fire but his bullets went wild.

At the trial on Tuesday evening it was testified that Godino had identified his revolver; also that the rubbers found a distance from the camp on the morning following the murder fitted the prisoner's shoes. At 10:45 Tuesday evening the Commonwealth finished and court adjourned.

The trial of Frank Godino was completed yesterday afternoon and the jury retired shortly before six o'clock.

The defendant was placed on the stand yesterday morning and gave his version of the affair. In many points his testimony was the opposite to that given by other witnesses. He said that there was only one shot fired and that was shot into the floor, and that one shot was fired outside. Tiberi, the victim, had a revolver, and he, Godino, left the place and did not know that anyone had been killed until at the coroner's inquest. He denied that the things found under the floor of the Eldred lockup as belonging to him.

H. D. Therming, an Italian barber of Bradford, was called in rebuttal and said that Godino had admitted to him that he was a member of the Black Society.

When court convened in the afternoon E. L. Keenan opened his plea for the defense. He spoke at length in behalf of the prisoner. He was followed by District Attorney Mayo, who presented the Commonwealth's plea. Judge Bouton charged the jury and the trial of Frank Godino was at an end.

TRIAL OF ROCCO DOQUI.

The trial of Rocco Doqui, one of the men charged with the murder and robbery at Coryville, which was on when this paper went to press last week, continued to occupy the attention of the court until nearly seven o'clock Friday night when the jury retired to agree upon a verdict.

A sensation was sprung in the case at the Thursday evening session when a detective by the name of Lash, an Italian, who had been placed in jail to see and hear all he could while the other prisoners supposed he was one of them, placed to jail on a charge of forgery, was put on the witness stand and claimed he had heard Doqui make a confession to an Italian priest. He claimed that Doqui admitted to the priest, that he was present at the time of the shooting and that he took part in it.

Just whether he heard the confession as given to the priest by Doqui, whether or not it was a preliminary conversation or whether it was Salvator who confessed in the same cell is not known for sure. It is known, however, that Father Dugan, in company with the above named priest, visited the jail on Sunday, June 3rd, and while there the priest heard the confessions of the four men implicated in the murder. The detective testified that the confession was made Sunday morning, whereas it was not heard until the afternoon.

Policeman Ives while on the stand Thursday evening produced a stiletto, a razor and several cartridges which he had found under the floor of the Eldred lockup. The information was given to the authorities by the other three Italians that Godino had hidden them under the floor while he was incarcerated in the lockup.

Rocco Doqui, the defendant, was placed on the stand Friday and his testimony in a condensed form is as follows: "I left Canada last September and after working on the Lake Shore as a track laborer and visiting several places in search of work, I went to Olean and in February got work at the camp of Ross Fabian, between Coryville and Rixford. I worked there in the woods with my working mate until he hurt himself and we quit and returned to Olean. This was in March. While in Olean two weeks I met Salvator Caruso for the first time. I boarded with Mike Fiury, a contractor, so did Frank Godino and Filipo Fresino. I saw Godino frequently, but was not intimate with him. On the day of the shooting Caruso and I went to the Pennsylvania depot in Olean. We were going to Coryville to try to get work in Ross Fabian's camps. We saw Godino and Fresino at the depot. We got on the train and Godino suggested that I give him the money to pay the fares of Caruso and myself as he could speak English. He paid the four fares, but it was my money that paid my fare and Caruso's. When we got to Coryville Caruso and I were about to start for Fabian's when Godino took us each by the coat and asked that we go to a relative of his to get a bottle of beer. We did not want to, but he insisted and used us roughly. He said that as soon as we got the beer we could go our way. At last we went along with him and Fresino. We got to the camp of Tiberi and as soon as we got in Possidio Tiberi greeted me and we saluted each other and talked a moment about Canada. He invited us to drink a bottle of beer and all of us but Godino took the beer. We were drinking the beer, and the others in the house were either preparing or eating their suppers at the table, when Godino said, 'We didn't come here for beer, we came for money for a sick man.' Possidio told him that there was no money in the crowd as they had spent it all in Smethport. Godino said, 'All workingmen have some money.' He said he had been to another camp where they told him they had no money, but he found they had and they gave it up. Then Godino called to Guiseppi Tiberi and told him to come here. Tiberi refused to do so and Godino pulled a revolver and shot him. As soon as Godino shot I got out as fast as I could. Filipo got out of the house first; I got out second and then Fresino came, and after him three of the men in the house. We ran into the woods and stayed there till early in the morning when we went to the Coryville station. Caruso wanted to go back to Olean so I said all right, and we three started for that place. We met Godino at Lurabee. He ran up behind us and caught up with us. I did not shoot my revolver at Tiberi's house or any where else that night. I had four loads in the gun. Caruso had four in his gun. Caruso and I carried guns when we worked in the woods because we saved our money and wanted to protect ourselves from Italians making 'collections.' I did not carry the gun all the time. I saw Godino shoot Tiberi. I didn't intend any wrong in that house and I got out at the first sign of trouble."

At the close of the testimony of Doqui, pleas to the jury were made by E. R. Mayo and District Attorney G. A. B. Mayo on behalf of the Commonwealth, while F. D. Gallup and Eugene Mullin spoke on behalf of the prisoner. Judge Bouton then charged the jury outlining the case in a brief and concise manner and giving some points at law. It was about 11 o'clock Friday evening when the jury retired.

When court opened Saturday morning the jury in the case filed in and the foreman returned the verdict, "Guilty of murder in the second degree." The maximum penalty is twenty years and he will probably receive his sentence this week.

THE TREPEPPI CASE.

Saturday morning the case of the Commonwealth vs. Joseph Trepeppi and Dominick Trepeppi was called. They were charged with the murder of Franco Madafero, the fatality occurring at the home of the defendants in Bradford on Aug. 10.

It required all of the forenoon and a greater portion of the afternoon to get a suitable jury, many of those called being rejected. At 4:30 the jury being completed, the trial was begun. Captain Faust, Dr. Robison and Coroner Hall of Bradford were first called and gave evidence that a murder had been committed.

Angelo Travato, who was with the victim, claimed on the witness stand that he and the dead man came to Bradford from Kane, where they were both employed, and that they had spent the day in drinking in Bradford and had gone to the home of Joseph Trepeppi in the evening where they were given some more beer. He claimed that a dispute arose and the defendants left the room and returned with revolvers and commenced firing and that Madafero was shot and fell. He then took out his revolver and fired.

At the hearing before the justice of the peace Dominick Trepeppi admitted to the shooting, but claimed that he did it to protect his father. After the shooting Dominick took to the hills and went to Kinzua Junction and spent the night with the station agent. He received a bullet wound in the arm himself and next morning he boarded the train for Bradford. The conductor recognized him and telephoned the Bradford police and he was arrested when he arrived in the city. The father was arrested, together with another young son, who was discharged at the opening of the court on a motion of District Attorney Mayo for a nol pross.

The trial of the Trepeppis ended Monday morning when a verdict for acquittal was given by direction of Judge Bouton, who instructed the jury that the evidence was not sufficient for a verdict of murder in the first or second degree. The jury thereupon brought in a verdict of not guilty and the prisoners were released.

OTHER COURT MATTERS.

Other matters finished by the court were: Arthur Schmidy was brought before the court and plead guilty to the larceny of a watch at Bradford. He was fined $100, costs of prosecution and sentenced to undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for two years. James Jones also plead guilty to breaking into a store in Kane and the court sentenced him to pay a fine of $100, costs of prosecution and serve three years in the Western penitentiary at Allegheny.

The grand jury concluded its work Friday afternoon and after receiving the condemndation of the court for the able manner in which their work was conducted they were discharged from further duty.

Wednesday evening Henry Moss was found not guilty of assault and battery, as preferred by his wife, and the costs were divided.

Leola Evans of Bradford pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license, and on Sunday. The sentence was $500 fine, costs and serve three months in jail.

Attend the Olean races July 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Smethport Victorious.

The baseball season opened at Kane Field last Saturday afternoon when the local team defeated Derrick City by a score of 4 to 2 in a fast and interesting game.

Owing to threatening weather and the fact that the Derrick City team was late in arriving there was but a small crowd in attendance when Umpire Kidder called the game, but the teams were both in good condition and made it interesting for those who were there.

Fuller occupied the rubber for the home team while Delo officiated in a like capacity for Derrick City, and they were both in excellent form and pitched good ball. Fuller delivered the goods and allowed the visitors but four hits up until the seventh inning when through a disagreement with the umpire he refused to continue in the game and Tull took his place. "Sammy" Delo, the clever little twirler for the visitors, also pitched a good game, hit like a veteran and fielded his position well.

Following is the tabulated score:

Smethport	AB.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Daniels, 2d	5	0	0	3	2	1
McCabe, 3rd	4	0	1	2	4	0
Tull, c-p	4	1	2	4	5	0
Fuller, p	3	0	0	2	4	0
Riley, c	4	0	1	6	1	0
Pedeant, 1st	4	1	1	9	1	1
Andrews, cf	3	1	1	1	0	1
Brown, rf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Berry, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Glavin, ss	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	36	4	9	27	20	3

Derrick City	AB.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
E. Korner, 2d	4	0	0	1	3	0
Baker, ss	4	0	1	2	4	0
F. Korner, 3d	4	0	0	1	2	2
Page, 1st	4	0	0	8	1	0
Walberg, c	4	0	0	8	3	0
Bolan, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Anglin, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Ward, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Delo, p	3	0	0	2	5	0
Total	35	1	3	25	15	4

By innings:										
Smethport	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	—4
Derrick City	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs—Smethport 2, Derrick City 1.
Struck out—by Fuller, 4; by Delo, 3.
Base on balls—off Fuller 3; off Delo, 2.
Stolen bases—Smethport, 7; Derrick, 1.
Left on bases—Smethport, 7; Derrick, 4.
Double play—McCabe to Daniels to Cruisant.
Passed ball—Riley, 2; Walker, 1.
Time of game—1:55.
Umpire—A. H. Kidder.

Death of H. W. Georgia.

Harrison W. Georgia died at his home in State Line Mills, Pa., early Friday morning, June 1st. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Adams of Ceres, N. Y., at the house and interment was made in the Portville cemetery on Monday, June 4th.

The deceased was born in the town of Newfield, Tompkins county, N. Y., on Oct. 14, 1820, and lived his early life in Tioga, Chemung and Tompkins counties, N. Y. From Chemung county he moved his family to Lycoming county, Pa., where they resided two years at Roaring Branch, two years at Carpenter and nine years at Williamsport, coming from the latter place to Smethport in 1881. During the nine years residence in this borough Mr. Georgia made many friends here. At the time of his residence here Jie and his son, Willis, had charge of S. S. Bullis' saw mill, which was located in the eastern part of the borough. During this period he also conducted a general store.

He was a well esteemed member of the Smethport Baptist church and the I. O. O. F. lodge, No. 386, being one of its charter members. In 1890 he moved his family to State Line Mills, where he lived until his death.

He had been a patient sufferer from rheumatism for about eight months, being practically helpless the greater part of the time.

He leaves to mourn his loss one son and four daughters, as follows: Mrs. Elnora A. Jones and Mrs. Mary E. Hicks of Williamsport; Willis Z. Georgia and Mrs. Clara A. Turner of State Line Mills, and Mrs. Maria L. Aylsworth of Endeavor, Pa.

An Appeal to the Fans.

The Smethport baseball team has organized and so far this season have played two games, one of them being at home. That one was last Saturday and the attendance was light—so light, in fact, that the gate receipts were not sufficient to pay the expenses. This is not as it should be. Perhaps it was the threatening weather that kept many away. It is to be hoped that was the reason. The members of the team can ill afford to play ball and reach into their pockets and help pay the expenses, neither should it be expected of them. They are playing as good ball as any amateur team in this section and will play better as they get in practice. But unless the patronage is more liberal the team will be forced to disband or play none but out-of-town games. This town has heretofore been a good supporter of the national game and we hardly think they will go back on the boys now. Another game is booked for next Saturday with Derrick City. These two teams always play close and interesting games and Saturday will be no exception. Turn out, fans, and see that the boys are given encouragement.

For Sale.

Three pairs of horses with outfits for lumbering. All in good condition. Inquire at Anderson & Carlson's, shoe store, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—Men to peel bark in Potter county. Good wages. Apply to B. C. Farrell, Supt., Costello, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Two little sons of Edward McGill of Farmers Valley, named Charles and Peter, were badly burned about the face and hands by the premature explosion of what is called a "pepper box" on the 4th, 1882. Although seriously burned the little fellows are doing well.

Mr. Adam Brandall, aged 63 years, was found dead in bed Sunday morning, July 30, 1882, at 5 o'clock. His death having occurred between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, as Mrs. Brandall was up at 4 o'clock and says he was sleeping quietly at that time. His death was a peaceful one, as there were no indications of a struggle having taken place. Deceased was a native of Germany and came to this country thirty years ago, and has resided near Knapp's Creek for the past twenty-three years. He has for some time been troubled with heart disease which was the cause of his sudden death. The funeral services took place the following day, Monday, the remains being interred in the Port Allegany cemetery.

Girchen-Swayze.—In Smethport, Pa., Aug. 16, 1882, by Rev. J. Heber McCandless, J. Henry Girchen to Miss Maggie Swayze, both of Howard Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Keete have been blessed with a bouncing baby boy, Aug. 1882.

Early Monday morning, Sept. 4, 1882, Wilford King who was employed at the Extract works, while running ran, undertook to stop a leak by tightening a screw holding a door against which there was an inside pressure of five tons. At the first turn of the screw with a wrench the thread of the screw was stripped and the door gave way letting the scalding fluid out on his hands and arms, which were scalded in a frightful though not dangerous manner. A pair of leather gloves saved his hands but his arms were blistered from the elbows to the wrists. Dr. Brown was called and rendered such assistance as was required, and at this time King is going about. It is a piece of rare good fortune that he was not scalded to death.

Monday, September 18th, 1882, of dropsy of the brain, Leslie E., adopted son of T. L. and A. F. Burlingame, aged 4 months and 16 days. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. P. E. Hubbell, after which the remains were interred in Aldrich cemetery, Hamlin township.

On Friday, Sept. 22, 1882, while Jas. Donley and Robert, his son, aged 21 years, were cutting logs in the woods on Mel. Ferris' place at Farmers Valley an accident occurred which cost young Mr. Donley his life. It seems that the young man had just cut the top of the fallen tree off when the body of the tree turned, throwing him underneath it, and, rolling upon his body, crushing his chest and killing him almost instantly.

Robert Donley was formerly a foreman at the Clermont mines, having charge of the teams, and won while there the confidence and esteem of his employers. He was a kind and dutiful son, who thought always of the comforts of his parents before his own, and in his death they lose a son such as few parents are called upon to mourn. He was respected by his acquaintances everywhere for his manly independence and generous treatment of all with whom he came in contact, and his place in the community will be hard indeed to fill. We speak thus of him because he was worthy, and join with all who knew him in regrets at his untimely taking off.

The remains were interred in the new cemetery at Farmers Valley.

In speaking of the death of Miss Emma Beckwith, which occurred September 8th, 1882, the Pen and Plow, published at Elkhorn, Neb., says:

This young lady in company with her sister, Dora, had been spending the summer with her relatives, the families of Sol. and Henry King, and of Daniel Beckwith, and if her delicate constitution had not yielded to the fatal effects of the malaria of this month, she would have returned soon to the home of her parents in Smethport. But a short acquaintance here sufficed to endear her to our society.

She was the incarnation of the good, the true and the beautiful, whom living we worship, and dead we mourn for many a year; such as the God just shows on earth, and then enviously snatches away. She died in the midst of the most tender care and hands that a half year ago she had never touched have strewn their offering of late summer on the grave.

Rev. Hick conducted the funeral services on Sunday at the church and the whole village followed her to her last resting place.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday, October 2d, 1883, of Brights disease of the kidneys, Elihu Chadwick, in the 78th year of his age. Deceased was a brother of Jeremiah Chadwick, and resided in Venango county many years.

Lost.

A brass cap of automobile wheel bearing the name of Northern Mfg. Co. The finder will be suitably rewarded if returned to this office.

Republican State Platform in Brief.

Congratulates people of United States on continued prosperity under Republican rule.

Condemns unfair methods of industrial competition and transportion discriminations. Approves President Roosevelt's enforcement of anti-trusts and interstate commerce laws.

Recommends publicity for great corporations, especially common carriers. Demands governmental inspection, supervision and regulation of corporations.

Approves railway rate bill. Approves meat inspection bill.

Declares for maintainance of protective tariff and against disturbance of existing conditions. Favors restricted immigration laws.

Endorses Pennypacker administration. Approves reform legislation adopted at the extra session last winter.

Pledges party to enact laws for two cent railway fare; to prohibit excess charge on mileage books; to permit trolley companies to carry freight; to prevent railroads owning and operating coal mines.

Recommends increased appropriations to public schools and charities.

Pledges creation of State railroad commission to compel impartial treatment of passengers and shippers. Favors restoration of abandoned canals.

Demands abolition of franchises of railroads not normally in use. Opposes the confiscation or reprisal of vested rights. Favors limited franchises for public utilities and retention of water power rights under state control. Favors employers liability law.

Recommends civil service for all county officers and employes and law against mercantile appraisers holding any other public office.

Favors return of personal property tax and license fees to the county treasurers. Promises establishment of free State hospitals for consumptives. Advocates liberal appropriations for good roads.

Endorses the action of Republican Senators and representatives in Congress in upholding the President's hands.

Commends celebration of Republican semi-centennial in Philadelphia, June 17-19.

Statement of "Little Tycoon" Co.

The following is a statement of the "Little Tycoon" Company:

RECEIPTS.

Smethport, May 15th,	$ 48 30
Port Allegany, May 16,	91 30
St. Marys, May 17,	337 10
Smethport, May 19,	130 34
Programs (ads)	1 00 75
Total	$ 103 29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Penn Show Print Co., $7; Enquirer Job Print Co., $4.30 — 11 30

C. L. Preston, $38.19; express charges, 65 and 85c — 39 30

Telephone, $1.30; Lindholm & Co., 55c; $1.05 and $2.55 — 6 05

Holmes & Gilfillan, 60 and $3.75; Fry & Conner, $3.05 — 7 40

R. Gardiel, $6.00; Thiery Pipe Co., $2.25; Geo. Shepard, $6. — 14 25

E. T. Daly, $6; H. C. Wells, $8.22; C. Gleisner, $10. — 24 22

P. S. & N. Ry., $30; message to Toledo, 40c. — 30 40

Supper at St. Marys, $22.60; dray, $6.40. — 29 00

Temple Theatre, $25; Auditorium, $13.20. — 38 20

E. W. Jones, $9; A. T. Palmer, $5; C. S. King, $23.25 — 37 25

Returned to Miss Neil, $1.50; H. L. Backus, $56. — 57 50

A. W. Tams, $102.05 and $26; H. C. Wells, $13.64 — 141 69

Hz. H. Redlich, $1.60; Democrat, $2.50; H. C. Sasse, 8; M. L. Armstrong, $10.47; D. M. Brasted, $1; paint, 25c — 17 72

Total — 527 14

Balance on hand — 576 15

JOHN CLARK, Manager.

Children's Day.

A children's day program was given in the Methodist Episcopal church on last Sunday evening by the members of the Sunday school. The house was filled and the exercises were rendered exceedingly well. The singing by the girls' choir and the boys' choir was greatly enjoyed. Special mention must be made of the flower exercises and the motion song which were given by the little girls. Norine Kidder sang a solo and Ruth Button, Hester Kerr and Harold Lemaster appeared in recitations.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 9, 1906:

William Bradley, Thomas Cusy, Edward C. Weyand, Hiram Dean, Mrs. Octavia Larson, Ginseppe Mariati.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GANEY,
Postmaster.

Lost.

On Sunday morning, a diamond brooch between the M. E. Bisett store and Swedish Lutheran church. Finder return to Mrs. Bisett and receive reward.

Quality Versus Quantity

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Throughout the block it was known that Mrs. McGinnis was as unsociable as she was thrifty. While the other women leaned from the windows of the tenement and gossiped or hung clothes across the court and quarreled over the length of line, Mrs. McGinnis went quietly about her own business without a word to any of them. Indeed, some of her neighbors looked at her with awe, for in a tenement where everything is known the news soon spread that Mrs. McGinnis went out by the day to wash for people who moved in high circles of society.

Life went very cheerfully for Mrs. McGinnis. She had many things to be thankful for. Her two rooms were as neat as energy and soap could make them, her husband was sober and industrious, and they were putting away a tidy bit in the bank each month. She was thankful, too, that there were no little McGinnises to be "pothering" about and mussing up the kitchen. She was not fond of children. When any of the little red-headed O'Shaunessys, who lived across the hall, were particularly clamorous Mrs. McGinnis was wont to remark that she was glad she had none of "the likes of them" to stay at home and take care of.

As it was, she set off blithely each morning with her scrubbing dress done up in a bundle and carried under her arm. Sometimes, through the generosity of her employers, she would return with a much larger bundle. Such occasions were gala nights, and Mrs. McGinnis could hardly wait to get home and open the wrappings on the kitchen table. There would be cuffs and socks and trousers as good as new for Mr. McGinnis, and such waists and skirts for herself that she was able to set the styles for the whole neighborhood.

Her only rival in this was Mrs. O'Shaunessy, who appeared one Sunday in a red plush hat nodding with green plumes. The following week Mrs. McGinnis went to church in a pink satin waist that had once been the ruffle of a reception gown. It was elaborately trimmed with chiffon and artificial rosebuds, and had elbow sleeves which displayed Mrs. McGinnis' muscular arms, ruddy from much contact with strong soap. Yet if there was anything ludicrous in the picture she presented she was entirely unconscious of it, and the gorgeousness of her apparel settled her supremacy as a leader of fashion.

But the feud between herself and Mrs. O'Shaunessy still continued. Mrs. O'Shaunessy used to strut up the aisle "for all the world like an ould hen," with her numerous progeny trailing behind her, and she would shoot a glance over her shoulder at Mrs. McGinnis. Were not large families just as stylish as pink satin waists?

One evening Mrs. McGinnis came home with a larger bundle than usual. "Shure, it's a whole new wardrobe we'll be having," she said breathlessly. "I'm that excited I can hardly cut the strings! Here's waistcoats for ye, Pat, and some neckties and a foine silk hat. Faix, you'll look loike the mayor himself in it! And here's a dress for me. Sllg lined it is, too! Oh, it's myself that will make a fine rustle when I pass that O'Shaunessy woman! And maybe there's a waist to go with it!"

"Is it this, ye mean?" said Pat, and held up something that neither of them had noticed—a small black velvet suit with lace cuffs and a wide lace collar. There were little black silk stockings, too, and patent leather slippers with gilt buckles.

Mrs. McGinnis looked at the outfit speechlessly.

"Ye might sell it," said her husband.

"Indade and I'll not," said Mrs. McGinnis.

"Ye can give it to Mrs. O'Shaunessy, then," hazarded Pat. "I'will fit one of her youngsters."

"Is it out of your mind you are?" cried Mrs. McGinnis. "To think I'd be giving this suit to the likes of them! What would her red headed spalpeens be doing with a lace collar and cuffs. I'd loike to know?" And Mrs. McGinnis snorted indignantly. To her mind those clothes were meant for a princeling, and none but a princeling should wear them.

That night, as she lay sleepless, she was haunted by visions of a little figure in a black velvet suit. Now he sat by the kitchen table, his fair hair shining under the lamplight; now he was walking by her side to church, an aristocratic little mite of the pride of O'Shaunessy could hold a candle to him. And lonely mignonne laughings and tender kisses began to stir. She wondered how it would seem to have some one to gambol in the twilight, to feel a drowsy head against her breast. It would be sweet, she thought, to wake him in the morning and see his face all warm and flushed with slumber, his curls in a tangle about his neck. Later, when he was older, he would go to school and stand first in his class, while the O'Shaunessys would be always, always at the foot. And, soothed by this pleasant reflection, Mrs. McGinnis fell asleep. Yet even her dreams were broken by the patter of tiny feet in patent leather slippers with gilt buckles.

With morning came a resolve which she did not see fit to impart to Pat, and, by noon she set resolutely off on her quest, carrying a letter from the priest in one hand and dress suit case in the other. The sister at St. Margaret's Orphan asylum was accustomed to many startling requirements, but surely none were ever more astonishing than Mrs. McGinnis' demand for a boy to fit a black velvet suit! As to his age or parentage Mrs. McGinnis did not seem to care. So long as the suit fitted that was all she asked.

Then followed a strenuous half hour for some of the little orphans. There were many boys of assorted sizes. There were thin boys and fat boys, dark boys and fair boys, but a good fit seemed hopeless. Mrs. McGinnis watched the proceedings with a troubled eye. "Look at him," she would wail. "How that jacket he'll be bursting the seams if he moves an inch!" or again "Begging your pardon, 'tis no bean pole I'm after wanting!"

She tried two more asylums, with no better results. Despair settled down upon her. Was the surprise she had planned for Mrs. O'Shaunessy never to be? Must she go home defeated and defeated and give up all hope of the sensation she had planned to create? And a deeper feeling than all those tugged at her heart. The world seemed so full of children, and there was not even one for her! A sob rose in her throat as she began to fold up the velvet suit.

"I'll be laving you with many thanks," she said to the sister in charge, "for it's not wan of them that fits the suit in the laste!" And even as she spoke the door opened before her and a little figure—a little figure with golden curls of gold—only Oi've seen curls of gold—only Oi've seen curls are set in a checked gingham pinafore instead of velvet.

The child smiled engagingly at Mrs. McGinnis, who felt a great wave of love and longing sweeping over her. Such a broth of a boy! Here at last was one who would fit not only the velvet suit, but a niche that had long been vacant in her heart.

"What is your name, dear?" said Mrs. McGinnis tenderly.

"Norah," said the child.

It was not at all the answer Mrs. McGinnis had expected, and the good woman gasped. But there was a wistful sweetness about the child which was not to be resisted. The love light of awakening motherhood shone in Mrs. McGinnis' eyes.

"Will you be my little gurrll, darlint?" she whispered.

The night that Norah finally arrived Pat was as delighted as his wife. He thought he had never seen a "prettier little colleen." The next morning was Sunday and the McGinnises entered church somewhat late. Pat in the lead, wearing a tall silk hat and stepping very jauntily, Mrs. McGinnis next, moving with a notable rustle and by her side a beautiful little girl whose black velvet coat, heavily trimmed with lace was the admiration of all beholders. It was a day of triumph for Mrs. McGinnis. She beamed on the whole world. She even beamed on Mrs. O'Shaunessy when they met face to face on the church steps.

"The top of the morning to you, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," quoth Mrs. McGinnis. "It's well you're looking this fine day, and all your family. Shure, it's a large one, there's no denying it! But (with a glance of pride at Norah) it's myself that has always preferred quality to quantity!"

Gave Him His Due.

A Kentucky congressman tells an interesting tale of the execution of a noted desperado in that state some years ago. Just before the sheriff adjusted the noose he asked the usual question whether the man had anything to say.

"No, I think not," began the convicted one, when he was interrupted by a powerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you ain't got anything special to say would you mind giving me fifteen minutes of your time just to let these good people know that I am a candidate for their suffrages, and"—

"Hold on, there!" shouted the sheriff. "Who's that?"

"John Blank," volunteered some one, adding a rising young politician, who has since represented his state for a number of years in the house of representatives at Washington.

"Who did he say it was?" whispered the condemned man to the sheriff.

"They say it's John Blank."

"I thought I recognized John's voice," the desperado calmly remarked. "Well, he can have my time, all of it, but go ahead and hang me first and let him talk afterward."—Lippincott's.

Glycerin Was Considered Useless.

No commercial commodity can show a greater increase in value, pecuniary or utilitarian, than glycerin. Originally a waste product eliminated in the manufacture of soap, candles and medicinal plasters, a nuisance to the manufacturer and a source of obstruction and pollution to river and sewer, it is now largely in request in almost every branch of industry. So great is the demand that the candle and other works can no longer yield the required supply of this commodity, and we now not only manufacture it on a large scale, but import it. It is used in medicine, in the arts, in perfumery, in the manufacture of beer, in calico printing, in the preparation of leather and as an antiseptic. Large quantities are annually absorbed in the production of nitroglycerin, dynamite and other explosives.

Mixed Fare For a Jury.

A Maine jury had been out for some time on a case, and, as the supper hour was approaching, the presiding justice sent an officer to inquire if the jurors wanted their supper served in the room. It seems the jury stood 11 to 1, and the young man who was standing out against the rest of the panel answered the sheriff's knock at the door. In reply to the message from the judge the odd juror sent the following: "You tell the judge he can send our supper for me and eleven bales of hay for the eleven jackasses that are in here with me."—Boston Herald.

One of His Inferiors.

"He says he always tries to be polite to his inferiors and— Hey, where are you going?"

"Going to find him and give him a licking."

"What for?"

"I met him this morning, and he was as polite as a dancing master."—Houston Post.

The Other Way.

The teacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, says English Country Life, and, with the incubator in mind, asked if eggs could be hatched in any other way.

"Yes, sir," said an experienced person of nine. "Put 'em under a duck."

A VERY PROPER WOMAN

By C. B. Lewis

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As a child little Hannah Wray was very proper. As a young girl she was more proper still. As a young lady, even her very proper father, Deacon Wray, and her very proper mother, his wife, never had to criticise or caution. As Hannah kept adding years to her age and was finally spoken of as an old maid for proper father and mother died, and she went to live with her brother Dan.

Dan was hard headed and hard working and not at all a proper person from some points of view, but that did not affect Hannah any. She had been left $3,000 in cash, had never had a beau nor read a love story, and she felt that all she had to do in this world was to keep right on being proper.

One day another proper young woman came to call on Hannah. She wasn't quite as proper as Miss Wray, for she had once permitted a young man to walk home from church with her, but she was trying her best to be forgiven by society for that sin.

When she departed she left a circular on the floor, and Hannah picked it up and gave it a careless look. A moment later she was turning pale and gasping for breath. Two minutes later she was upstairs in her room and blushing as she read. It was a circular from a matrimonial bureau.

Notwithstanding her properness, Hannah had heard of such things, but only to be horrified. She was horrified now. She was also interested. She was horrified that her caller should be in receipt of such literature and interested to know if men and women did really get married through such agencies.

For five minutes she refused to read further than the heading. Then she looked all around her room, gave a shudder and proceeded to devour every word. She even read the circular twice over. It was a call to all those in love to send on 50 cents and receive the names of three persons, with whom they might correspond. On the books of the agency, so it was stated, were the names of heiresses and wealthy widows pining for husbands, as well as widowers with millions and young men needing wives to help them take care of inheritances. The reader was assured that there were governors, senators and railroad presidents making use of the agency.

Hannah Wray found her heart beating faster as she read, and when she glanced at the glass she found that she was blushing. Her first thought was to rush after her friend and restore the circular and cut her acquaintance forevermore. Her second was to keep the circular and read it over again. Of course she acted on second thought. She did more than that. She allowed her mind to dwell on it, and romance to creep over her unromantic soul, and after two or three days she could read it without blushing.

That should be the end, however. Never, never would she permit herself to send away 50 cents and receive the names. She stuck to this resolution for three days, and then she sent off the money. It was the first letter she had ever written to any one except a relative. It was the first time in two years she had visited the village post-office. The day the letter was mailed Dan Wray's wife said to him as he was milking the cow in the barn:

"Say, Dan, something is wrong with Hannah."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"She's got something on her mind. Two or three times today I've caught her looking in the glass and acting silly. I'm not quite sure of it, but I have a feeling that when she went downtown it was to post a letter. What do you think it is?"

"I know she had mumps, measles and the chicken pox the same time I did," replied Dan after thinking things over, "and she can't be coming down with any of those."

"Of course not. Didn't I say I caught her acting girly?"

"And what's that?"

"Why, twisting herself and simpering and trying to blush."

"Well, what's that the sign of?"

"Dan Wray, you don't know beans when the bag's untied. It means that Hannah is in love. Yes, sir, old as she is, she's either in love or wants to be, and it's our duty to keep an eye on her."

"Well, let her love," answered Dan as he turned to his milking, and that settled matters, so far as he was concerned, for a little while.

In due time Hannah received a reply to her letter. She had described herself as single, moderately wealthy and good tempered, and the agency had sent her the names of three rich men who wanted just such a wife as she would make. If the old maid hadn't been so proper she would have opened correspondence with all three of them. As it was, she decided that one was enough. She didn't even decide that until she had struggled with her feelings for three long days.

Curiosity and romance finally got the better of prudence and propriety, and her letter was duly mailed. During the next five or six days she gave herself away to her sister-in-law in fifty different ways, and even the hard headed brother was compelled to notice that a change had taken place.

"What do you think it is, Dan?" asked the wife as he sat on the milk stool again.

"Durned if I know, Lucy. Has Deacon White or any other widower been spooking around here?"

"No, not a soul."

"She keeps primping and looking in the glass and blushing, does she?"

"Twenty times a day. I heard her humming a love song upstairs today, and she's taken to going to the post-office every night and morning. Dan, I tell you we've got to keep our eyes open. Suppose some rich man should come along and coax her to elope with him."

"I guess you and Han are both safe from that," he laughed in reply, and again the subject was dismissed.

Next day the old maid had her letter. It was postmarked Boston, and never in her life did the way from the post-office home seem so long.

It was from Quincy Livingstone Lapham, who had got her address from the agency. Quincy was forty years old, a retired capitalist and a widower, and he wrote a letter full of sentiment and a desire to please. If he didn't know hash from codfish he at least knew how to touch an old maid's heart, no matter what a proper person she was. By the time she had read it three times over Hannah Wray had gone back on her thirty-five years' record. She mentally pronounced him a darling of a man, and she got ready to answer the epistle. After she had written and mailed it Dan winked his wife out into the wood shed and whispered:

"Got any ginger in the house?"

"No. Why?"

"I'll go down to the store and get some. I've been watching Han, and if she ain't in for a time with the billous colic then I can't read signs."

"Nonsense. I tell you she's in love."

"In love with what—the cow?"

"She's in love with a man, you idiot, you. Do you s'pose she'd be humming love songs and standing before the looking glass for a cow?"

"But where's the man?"

"That's what I can't tell you—not now. But I'm going to find out if I lose my head."

She was several weeks in making her words good, but there came a day when she laid hands on all Hannah's correspondence. She had received six letters from Quincy Livingstone Lapham, and five of them treated of love and romance and his desire to see her. The sixth announced that he would visit the village, which was familiar to him, and walk up and down a certain shady lane until she joined him.

"Well?" asked the wife when she had told the contents of the letter.

"I'll be in that shady lane myself!" replied Dan.

And he was. It was in the afternoon, and the village seemed to be asleep. Quincy arrived. So did Hannah. So did Dan. Dan waited until Quincy declared that he could no longer live without Hannah and that she must draw her money out of the bank and flee with him, and then he made his appearance and administered kicks and punches and cuffs until Quincy was beyond his reach. When he got through Hannah had vanished. She kept to her room for the next three days, and she might have made it three weeks had not Dan called up to her from the stair door:

"Say, Han, come down to breakfast."

"Oh—Dan—ashamed!" she replied.

"Ashamed, nothing. Why, you are the properest person for fifty miles around here. That feller is a patent chump, and I've been owing him a licking for ten years past. It it hadn't been for you I might never have caught him. Come down, proper Hannah—come properly down!"

Bees as Embalmers.

When foreign bodies are put into a beehive the bees generally cover them with propolis, or bee glue. By way of experiment a rag doll and a cloth rabbit were put into a hive by a writer for St. Nicholas.

"Imagine my surprise," he says, "when I opened the hive about three weeks later to find that they had used very little propolis on either, but had nibbled almost all the clothes from the doll and had even attacked the stockings. What they had failed to take off and carry out hung in delicate fibers and shreds, apparently ready to be removed. Did they expect to dispose of the entire doll in that way?

"The rabbit was elderly soiled, but not smeared or nibbled. The bees had, however, utilized it as a support for a comb, which they had attached in the most astonishing manner to one ear and to the tip of one fore foot.

"The cloth of which the rabbit was made was different from that of the doll. Did the bees find it more difficult or impossible to nibble this? Did they know that it was unnecessary to seal it in, as would have been necessary with a small animal liable to decay, and since they must endure the intruder's presence did they determine to make it useful as payment for the valuable room that it occupied?

The Magic of Chemistry.

Chemistry is accomplishing wonders before us every day; such as Arabian story fellers used to string together in their fables. It spreads the sensitive film on the artificial retina which looks upon us through the optician's lens for a few seconds and fixes an image that will outlive the original. It questions the light of the sun and detects the vaporized metals floating around the great luminary—as if the chemist of our remote planet could fill his bell glasses from its fiery atmosphere. It lends the power which flashes our messages in thrills that leave the lazy chariot of day behind them. It seals up a few dark grains in iron cases and, lo, at the touch of a single spark, rises in smoke and flame a mighty Afrit with a voice like thunder and an arm that shatters like an earthquake. The dreams of oriental fancy have become the sober facts of our everyday life, and the chemist is the magician to whom we owe them.—Exchange.

The Remedy.

"You're not in love, Robbie. You only think you are."

"Well, how the dickens am I to find out my mistake if I am mistaken?"

"Oh, marry the woman by all means."—Home Notes.

Pursue not a victory too far. He hath conquered well that has made his enemy fly. Thou mayest bent him to a desperate resistance, which may ruin thee.—George Herbert.

Defined.

The difference between a speculation and an investment is that it is a speculation when you lose.—Washington Post.

THE TIDY TADPOLE.

How This Cheerful Little Cannibal Eats and Develops.

A wonderful spell of idleness seems to pervade the tadpole world. They always eat whatever has become useless—their own tails, their superfluous companions. Even those who are only weakly are cleared out of the way and the victims take it all as a matter of course. It hardly disturbs a strong member of the community just as he had begun to dine off the tail of a weaker brother, but the sufferer has not troubled to escape—he simply waited till the fratricide returned to complete his deadly work.

For some time there is no change made in the tadpoles. They simply grow and become so far transparent that their internal mechanism, which consists of one coil of intestines, is plainly visible. When, however, they are about three months old a careful observer can distinguish a tiny bump on either side of the base of the tail. These grow slowly, but soon, unable to move independently, they shortly before the tadpole land is passed which begin to perform frogbood. The hind legs have reached their full size before the front ones appear, and, while the feet grow slowly, the hands are ready made and can be used at once. For a day or two they can be seen under the skin before they venture forth, and their possessor is very restless and excited. He rushes madly about, jostling his comrades, and no doubt being voted a bore; then a mere vigorous effort breaks the skin and the tiny hand and arm appear.

There seems some rule about the order of precedence here, as there is when the whiskers go, for last year my tadpoles, almost without exception, had their right hands some hours before the left, while on previous occasions I have had 'in' entirely left handed crew.—Chambers' Journal.

MUSIC AT SEA.

Conditions Under Which Ships' Bells Sometimes Sing.

Some curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound conducting qualities of ships' sails. When rounded concave by a gentle breeze the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells emitting sweet music, as though being rung at a short distance away.

Dumfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterward, upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, forced by a gentle, steady breeze, had traveled a distance of upward of 100 miles over the smooth water and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat the same circumstances and especially in a moisture laden atmosphere.—London Tit-Bits.

English Regard For Teaching.

If there is one occupation which Englishmen are unanimous in condemning as degraded and degrading it is that most fascinating, most difficult, delicate and important work—the training of the mind. In what are humorously called "the higher walks" of teaching there are respectable salaries to be earned and agreeable rooms or houses for occupation. Here, purged of the dross of utility, a man may once more take rank as a gentleman, and if he becomes head of a house the supreme uselessness of his position commands universal and silent respect.—Nineteenth Century.

Gentian Root.

Gentian root, often used as a tonic, is considered in many malarial countries a remedy against intermittent fever. Especially is this the case in Corsica, in that section of the island near the town of Aleria, which is infested with malaria. The inhabitants recently protested violently against the introduction of quinine on the part of the medical authorities, declaring that they would not abandon the remedy which had been used among them for centuries, the gentian root, either powdered or simply masticated.

Quite the Contrary.

"After all, my friend," began the solemn stranger, "life is but a dream, a"—

"Not much, it isn't," snorted the hard headed man. "In nearly every dream I ever had I was gettin' some money. Dan, I knowed what to do, with."—Philadelphia Press.

Frenchmen and Spanish.

French people find it difficult to speak Spanish properly. Victor Hugo boasted that he was the only Frenchman who could really speak Spanish, something of Spain being mingled in his ancestry.

But for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half the good there is about us.—Dickens.

Easy Work.

First Transient—If you had got to go into business, what line would you choose? Second Ditto—I'd open an employment agency. It would be so nice to be getting other people to work without having any temptation to do any yourself.

Two Large Stones Passed From Bladder.

John Johnston, of 218 E. 2d St., Plainfield, N. J., who for over 12 years has been tax collector of that city, writes: "About three years ago I began to suffer with dreadful pains in my kidneys. I was also at times very bilious, but my most serious trouble was with my water. Sometimes I could hardly pass it, and when I did it was attended with most excruciating pains. Nothing helped me and I began to despair. I decided to try

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

for I heard so much about its good results. It helped me so that I kept it up, and now I have not taken any for a year and am in good health. I never have any pains, my appetite is good, and my oil bilious-ness has left me. During the time I was taking Favorite Remedy I passed two quite large stones, and I have never been troubled with my bladder since."

Write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the great Kidney, Liver and Blood medicine. Large bottles $1.00—at all druggists.

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

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Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

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to buy a nice sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked,

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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The Finest and most complet line of

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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

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LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PATENTS

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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOE NO.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

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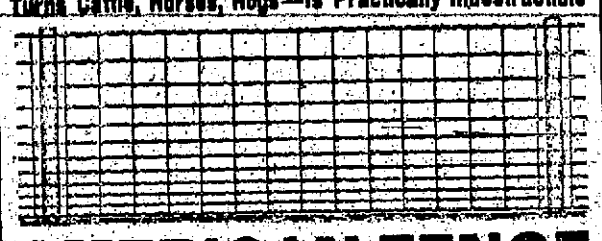
Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



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We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows, Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 14, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Note the change in Kinzua Route time table.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has a new ad in this issue.

—The auditors' report of Keating township appears in this issue.

—The Coudersport & Port Allegany is to erect a new station at Roulette at a cost of $1,500.

—Max Scholar has a change of ad this week and offers special bargains on much of his stock.

—The city councils of Bradford have decided to purchase two lots on Boylston street for an armory site for Company C.

—Shingle House has a "Peeping Tom." He has been seen looking in windows at a late hour on different occasions.

—Hon. B. W. Green of Emporium has been appointed by Governor Pennypacker president judge of the 25th judicial district, vice Judge Mayer, recently deceased.

—A thunder storm visited Ulysses one day last week and lightning which struck the barn of George White, set fire to it and knocked down a cow which he was milking, the animal falling upon him, causing him to be unconscious for some time.

—It is a noticeable fact that within sight of the court house in Coudersport there are now living, nine men whose aggregate ages are 765 years, making the average age of 85 years. Six of the men occupy homes of their own, the remaining three living with their children.—Coudersport Journal.

—The thoughtful editor of an exchange takes consolation in the following: "The editor who can please everyone is not fit for this world, but is entitled to wings. Human nature is constructed so that some like scandal, some don't; some like fake exposés, some don't; some like the truth told about them, others do not. Some like to take the paper for seven or eight years and never miss an issue or pay a cent, and get mad and stop it when they get a statement of their account, others don't. It is some consolation to know that the Lord himself failed to please everyone while on earth.

A Heavy Load to Carry.

Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system. The blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown. It is my head work, not over physical exertion that does it—but poor stomach work. With poor, thin blood the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption. Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a rare combination of native medicinal roots without a particle of alcohol or dangerous habit-forming drugs.

A little book of extracts, from prominent medical authorities extolling every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will be mailed free to any address on request by postal card or letter. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Many years of active practice convinced Dr. Pierce of the value of many native roots as medicinal agents and he went to great expense, both in time and in money, to perfect his own peculiar processes for rendering them both efficient and safe for tonic, alterative and rebuilding agents.

The enormous popularity of "Golden Medical Discovery" is due both to its scientific compounding and to the actual medicinal value of its ingredients. The publication of the names of the ingredients on the wrapper of every bottle sold, gives full assurance of its non-alcoholic character and removes all objection to the use of an unknown or secret remedy. It is not a patent medicine nor a secret one either. This fact puts it in a class all by itself, bearing as it does upon every bottle wrapper The Badge of Honesty, in the full list of its ingredients.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver and biliousness, ulceration of stomach and bowles and all catarrhal affections no matter what parts or organs may be affected with it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equaled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy. One to three a dose.

ROMAN MILLIONAIRES.

The Phenomenon of Mammoth Fortunes Not a New Thing.

While it is not a very tangible consolation to those of us who belong to the less favored class commercially, there is at least a sort of historic comfort in knowing that the phenomenon of mammoth fortunes is not a new thing.

A magazine writer goes back to ancient Rome, when there were no rail roads or trusts or corporations, and gives some figures on the individual fortunes of that day which might look attractive even to some of our modern plutocrats.

Seneca, the philosopher and author, was worth $17,500,000; Lentulus, the augur, $14,000,000; Crassus, the politician who formed with Cæsar and Pompey the first triumvirate, had a landed estate of more than $8,000,000; the emperor Tiberius left a fortune of $118,000,000, which the depraved Caligula got rid of in less than a year. A dozen others had possessions that run into the millions.

It is true that these Romans did not "make" those fortunes in what we would call regular commercial operations. But they got the money, and they held on to it, which is about all that can safely be said of possessions that run into seven figures in any age or country.

And, speaking of campaign contributions and so forth, Julius Cæsar once presented the consul Paulus with $240,000 as a token of esteem and coupled with the hope that Paulus would do the right thing in a certain political matter that was pending. The argument was effective with Paulus, and neither he nor Cæsar suffered any in popularity.

There are many things under the sun that are not new.—Omaha World-Herald.

NAILED TO THE CROSS.

The Two Thieves That Were Crucified With the Saviour.

In nine out of ten pictures of the crucifixion of Christ the two malefactors who died by his side are represented as nailed to the cross. The early writers all seem to refer to the thieves as bound to the crosses, and it is not until the fifth century that we find any mention of nails. The early writers all seem to refer to the thieves as bound to the crosses, and it is not until the fifth century that we find any mention of nails. [illegible] the above questions hard [illegible]

Mt. Pleasant County Mirror

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.50 per year, if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 14, 1906.

Eleven men were killed and several others were injured by the explosion of a dynamite plant near Repton, Pa., Saturday. The accident was of a most horrible nature, the victims being literally torn to pieces, not enough remaining of a single body to make identification possible. The cause of the explosion is not known.

In Boston on Sunday 64 Christian Scientists went on a sight-seeing tour in a large automobile. The machine ran away on a steep grade and the passengers were all injured more or less. The dispatch did not say whether or not physicians or surgeons were called to aid the injured or whether they were treated by faith cure methods.

There seems to be a tidal wave on the part of the Democrats of this State to fuse with the Lincoln party and place Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford on their ticket for Governor. The leaders of the party seem to be enthusiastic. A reform Governor is their paramount issue and there is a general demand for union of all anti-gang forces under the leadership of the recognized champion of good government and legal restraint of corporations.

The stream of immigration continues to flow in from foreign lands and the South, which needs white labor, is trying to divert as much of the stream as possible toward the land of the sweet magnolia, the cotton and the cane. In the South the negro can no longer be depended upon to do the work upon the old plantations. He has become independent and hard to manage. Hence the effort to secure white labor from foreign lands. By this turn in affairs the East and West will not be seriously affected by the increase in immigration. —Bradford Era.

There has been a gentleman in town this week who is interested in a large manufacturing plant and it is learned that he is looking for a desirable site to establish the concern. The exact nature of the plant we do not know but we understand it is an extensive concern and would employ in the neighborhood of 200 persons. The citizens should look this matter up and if it is all right the Board of Trade should make a determined effort to get the industry for Smethport. It would mean much to the town. A factory that will employ that many men the year around at fair wages would mean the bringing of many families who would undoubtedly make permanent homes here. Just at this time if we are going to keep our town up to its present busy standard everybody must be up and doing.

The following from the Harrisburg Telegraph is a favorable comment for S. W. Smith of Port Allegany, one of the delegates of McKean county to the recent Republican State convention: Samuel W. Smith of McKean county stirred up things by saying he had heard things were slated and he would not take the insult. He declared the Pennsylvania railroad had packed conventions and men of independence could not stand in the past. Assailing slate-making in general he soon had the Thompson rooters yelling like mad and then pleaded for careful consideration of a ticket, one to be made by the convention. Under these conditions he said McKean would vote for the nominee. The party is looking for more than men, it is looking for exponents of principles, not expediments. We have men in Pennsylvania of whom we are proud, said he, mentioning Philander C. Knox, who was cheered. The convention, he said, is made up of clear headed, honest men; let them make up the ticket in this way and stand by it. The best judgement must be exercised, he declared, and then said he intended to stop. "Go ahead," yelled the crowd, and Mr. Smith, thanking, said the plain words must suffice to the jolly C. W. Stone needs not to be apologized for as Legislator, Congressman and Lieutenant Governor he was a high type of man. The speech caused great cheers, the speaker's slapping finish catching the convention.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., June 14, 1906.

Even with the hot weather closing in, Congress casting about for some short cut to adjournment and all the other things that might take up the public mind there is little interest in anything in Washington just now but the meat packing scandals. The matter is being fought so obstinately in the House committee on Agriculture that there are many hard words being said about the attitude of Representative Wadsworth the chairman of the committee. During all the investigation that has followed the publication of President Roosevelt's report Mr. Wadsworth has taken the position of counsel for the defense and while he has treated Mr. Wilson, the representative of the packers, with marked courtesy and consideration he has acted toward both Mr. Neill and Mr. Reynolds, the President's commissioners, as though they were culprits on trial. In fact had he been admitted by the paid counsel for the packers he could hardly have espoused their cause more warmly. The result has been to increase public feeling against the meat packers and there have been threats in the House that if an unsatisfactory report is made from the committee that the House will have no hesitation to vote against it. This is in plain language and means that if there is an attempt on the part of the committee to make a whitewashing report on the Beveridge amendment the House will throw out the report and adopt the Beveridge amendment as it came from the Senate. This would be against all precedent, for a favorable report on any measure from the committee having it under consideration is almost tantamount to favorable action by the House.

The meat lobby has been busy trying to manufacture public opinion. They have spent money wherever they could and as the papers have persistently taken a stand in favor of the Neill-Reynolds official report, the representatives of the packing houses this week took a whole page in each of the local papers with an immense display advertisement stating that "in view of the sensational and untrue reports" that has been circulated about the meat business in Chicago they wished to offer an invitation to all the people of the country and Washingtonians in particular to visit the packing houses and see conditions for themselves.

This was a great piece of buncomb for on the very day that the advertisement appeared the President gave out a letter that he had sent to Chairman Wadsworth, with some very pointed extracts from one of his personal friends in Chicago anent the cleaning up process that had been going on ever since the disclosures had been impending. The President did not name his correspondent, but said that he would give the name if the committee so desired. The writer in question said that he had been watching the "awakening of Packingtown" and that the haste the packers displayed in cleaning up their places would be humorous if all the conditions were not so tragic. He said that if a committee from Congress did visit the packing houses they would find a very different place from that so accurately described by Messrs. Neill and Reynolds in their report.

In all the matter that has been printed about the condition of the packing houses, however, there is one that seems to have been generally overlooked. That is the inhuman treatment to which the live stock is subjected before it gets on the killing beds. The packers and the stock raisers, just before the disclosures of condition in the yards, had been clamoring for Congress to increase the time during which they could transport cattle without food or water. As the law stands, cattle must be fed and watered once in 28 hours, and the cattle rollers wanted to increase this to 36 hours. The proposition was monstrously inhuman in its conception. But starving and famishing is not the worst that happens. The cattle are bruised, gored, frequently knocked down and their limbs broken and this is the way in which many of the dead cattle reach the killing beds where they are officially "killed" a second time. It is quite possible that supplementary legislation will be introduced looking to a cure for this phase of the evil. And it cannot come too soon.

The rate bill has been recommitted to conference by the Senate which is dissatisfied with the outcome of the compromise. The Senate has won out on only forty-seven of the fifty-one amendments submitted, but it apparently wants to get them all. One thing on which an earnest fight is being made is the anti-pass provision of the bill. As it stands now, the measure will certainly work considerable hardship on the bona fide employees of the railroads. But as Senator Patterson pointed out, the pass privilege is one of the most abused in existence.

Tired of Life.

Hazel Burlin, a well known resident of East Bradford, committed suicide early yesterday morning in a barn in the rear of his house at No. 1 Fields court. The body was discovered by his son, Porter, at 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning. From the dining room where the son was he saw his father, who seemed about to go into the hay mow. He went to the barn and was horrified to find that his father was hanging by the neck at the end of a rope thrown over a beam. He instantly cut the rope close to the neck of the dead man and summoned J. Q. Field, who with a neighbor carried the dead man to the house.

The only cause assigned for the act is temporary insanity. The deceased had been suffering from stomach trouble for some time and a few days ago was partially overcome by heat. It is believed that the prostration resulting may have affected his brain, causing him to leave the family residence while the family slept and put an end to his life.

The deceased was aged 63 years and had been a resident of Bradford for 40 years, coming here from Pleasantville. He was a well known drilling contractor, who had been identified with the oil industry since its inception, being known wherever oil was known.

The deceased is survived by his widow, one son, P. H. Burlin, and two sisters, Mrs. Tirzah Condy of Jamestown, and Mrs. R. B. Hanson of Buffalo.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. Jones,
Smethport, Pa.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1901	4,000	$ 4,188.94
January 1, 1903	9,458	11,008.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	69,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,404	87,999.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.08
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,980.15
November 1, 1905	23,501	138,373.80
December 1, 1905	25,493	182,363.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

During the warm weather you will find no difficulty in keeping cool if you go about it right. You must dress for this weather. The expense will be light if you buy at the right place. Call and see us regarding it. We now have a large assortment of wash suits in all the popular summer goods, both white and colors, made up in neat and attractive styles. Any price you wish.

A new lot of the popular short sleeve shirt waists just in.

We are now showing the latest and most beautiful creations in early summer millinery.

Don't forget that we are selling coats at a great reduction.

Now is the time to prepare for the summer while our stock is complete.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store
—HEADQUARTERS FOR—
Globe-Wernicke Book Case
Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c.
Emperor and Puritan 20c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy, and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

I. ODESSER,
EAST SMETHPORT.

Best Prices Paid for all kinds of

JUNK

RAGS, BONES, RUBBERS and ROPE, IRON, METAL.

Just received a new line of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE

All kinds of TINWARE.

BELL 'PHONE.

An Ohio Lady Well Pleased.

A prominent lady of Geneva, Ohio, says Crocker's Rheumatic Cure is all right. Under date of Jan. 5, 1906, she says: This is to certify that I have had rheumatism more or less all my life, and have taken only one and a half 50c bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and have been very much benefitted by it. Mrs. Ora Paton.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

N. Y. BANKING HOUSE offering prime **STEAM RAILROAD BONDS** will engage the services of salesmen who can control investment business within their neighborhood. Address Lock Box 3057, New York City.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

FOR

Men
Women
Children.

SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR FOR THE SAME PRICE AT

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

10 & 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 & 15c

Free June style book ready for distribution. Summer edition of Ladies Home Journal Style Books now for sale at 25c.

SPECIAL LINE

New Dress Ginghams at 10c per yard.
Thin, sheer white goods, just the thing for Shirt Waists.
Ladies white shirt waists, $1.00 each.
Ladies white muslin skirts, $1.00 each.
Men's, women's and children's underwear.
Men's and boys' straw hats and caps.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
May 29, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Would you buy a jacket or suit at Half price? Just half what they are selling for to-day.

If so, this will interest you.

11 Covert Jackets, ranging in prices from $4.98 to $12.50. For quick closing at Half Price.

12 Ladies and Misses Suits all new styles long sleeves or short, Blacks and Greys, $15.00 to $35.00, they go at just Half Price this week.

20 Misses Jackets, Grey checks or plaids, loose Pony style. A garment needed by every girl. Buy them, and save One Half.

Dorris Oxfords for Ladies and Misses, Black, Tan and White in all sizes. Prices on these are especially attractive this week.

Short lengths of Wash and White Goods

After a heavy white season we find numerous short lengths of the best selling materials, enough for waist or skirt but not a suit pattern. These are on our counters at about One Half to close them out quickly

Also a line of Wash Skirts, Ladies and Misses at 75cts, $1.20 and $1.50, to go quickly.

It will be time well invested to see these and money well invested to supply your wants at these prices.

The Lindholm Co.

Pat. March 16 and Nov. 9, 1897. Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897 and Jan. 25, 1900.

BUG DEATH

A most excellent food plant.

Sure death to potato, squash and cucumber bugs, currant, Gooseberry, tomato worms, etc.

Prevents Blight.

For rose bushes, house plants and all shrubs it has no equal.

Harmless to Animals

Safe to Handle

H. H. REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block — Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 14, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Flag day.

—Eldred will celebrate the Fourth.

—Smethport vs. Derrick City at Kane Field next Saturday afternoon.

—Coudersport talent will produce the opera, "Olivette," in the near future.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has a change of time table on another page.

—F. W. Brownell is having a brick walk placed in front of his State street property.

—The court room has been filled with interested spectators during the trial of Frank Godino.

—There was quite a heavy frost Tuesday morning, but as far as is known it did but little damage.

—Mr. James A. Carlson and Miss Mabel Johns of Port Allegany were married one day recently.

—Farmers will be especially interested in the Bug Death advertisement of H. H. Redfield this week.

—The Hackett family reunion was held yesterday at the home of Miss Lelia Hackett on Mechanic street.

—According to the Potter Democrat a trolley line is proposed that will enter Coudersport from Olean via Eldred and Port Allegany.

—Port Allegany voters, at a special election last week, decided to build a new school house. The vote was 175 for, 97 against.

—The people of Smethport have evidenced their appreciation of the services of Rev. John Lasher as orator at the Memorial day exercises in that place, by forwarding him an additional $5 and a highly commendatory letter, in which his address is classed as the best ever delivered in Smethport on an occasion of the kind.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—A couple is wanted to get married in Eldred on the Fourth on a specially prepared wedding float. A gold wedding ring is offered as a prize.

—A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gallup and daughter of Youngsville, Pa., and R. E. Burdick and family of this place are enjoying an outing at Frog Camp.

—Catholic services will be held at the Swedish Lutheran church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. The subject of the sermon is, "The Church and Criminals." J. F. Dugan, Pastor.

—Misses Pauline Wilson and Dewly Davis of Bradford entertained several friends Tuesday evening at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. T. H. Morrison of West Main street.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services and Sunday school in East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—Ivan Mickley, a 16-year-old boy was drowned near Kane last Friday while in swimming. The lad could not swim and got beyond his depths and before help arrived he had drowned.

—The Oil City baseball team of the Interstate League has been purchased from A. W. Lawson by a company of young men of that city who will endeavor to strengthen the team.

—Michael Coffey, one of Bradford's oldest and well known citizens, died at his home in that city Sunday evening, at the advanced age of 86 years. He is survived by two sons and a daughter.

—Preaching at the Baptist church Sunday a. m. at 10:45 by the pastor, Rev. Thomas D. Ware. Sunday school at 12 m. and Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m. Children's Day exercises at 8 p. m.

—An alarm of fire early last Thursday evening called the hose company to an ice house just back of the residence of J. H. Walker on Fulton street. The fire was extinguished without the assistance of the firemen and before any damage was done. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—During Sunday's storm the grandstand on the Mt. Jewett baseball park was blown down and a portion of the roof of one of the Hazelhurst glass factories was also torn off by the terrible wind.

—The Mt. Jewett baseball team was defeated by the Johnsonburg team at Johnsonburg Tuesday afternoon by a score of 14 to 7. The boys from the Paper City secured seventeen hits off Denning.

—Attorney J. F. Tuohy of Eldred met with an accident last Saturday while alighting from a train at that place. Just how it happened or how badly Mr. Tuohy was injured the writer has been unable to learn.

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick entertained the Knotty Club at her home on West Main street Tuesday evening. The first prize was awarded to Mrs. W. S. Palmer, the second to Mrs. R. C. Gleason and the visitors' to Miss Alberta Choate.

—Owing to the lengthy murder trials being held at court it is quite probable that a number of cases will be held over until the October term, including the trials of Salvator Caruso and Felipi Frisini, two of the Coryville quartet.

—Keep in mind the fact that Port Allegany is going to celebrate the 4th of July. The committee has not, as yet published a program of the events, but it is suffice to say that the people over the hill will have something doing every minute.

—Richard Higgins, employed at the Washburn House, Bradford, was locked up in the city prison Tuesday night by Fish Warden Conklin, who found Higgins with a basket of fish in which lot were 54 under the legal length. The penalty is $10 for each fish, or $540.

—The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. will run an excursion from Mt. Jewett and intermediate points to Riverhurst and Olean Sunday, June 17th. Train leaves Smethport at 8:13 a. m. Fare for round trip, 75 cents. For further particulars see small handbills or inquire of agent.

—The open season for all kinds of game fish in Pennsylvania began on June 10, after which date it will be legal to catch bass, salmon, pike, rock-bass and sunfish in this State. Some people will be surprised to learn that rock-bass and sunfish are being protected the same as the other fish.

—H. F. Potter, proprietor of the Hotel Hazel at Hazelhurst has closed a deal with a New York State party for the sale of his property and business. Judge Potter will, on handing over the business, retire to Elmira, N. Y., where he will take the world in a less strenuous fashion.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Derrick City and Smethport will cross bats at Kane Field on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. These two baseball teams always put up a good exhibition and every man will be at his best. Turn out and help the boys. The admission is: Ladies, 10c; gentlemen 25c; grandstand 10c to gentlemen, ladies free.

—A dispatch from Philadelphia to the Bradford Star says: For twenty minutes the pulsing heart of William Wyatt, a negro who had been stabbed in the struggle over a knife, was held in the hands of two physicians in the Pennsylvania hospital while Dr. Richard Hart sewed six stitches in the organ and then replaced it in the man's body.

—South Dakota courts do sometimes refuse divorce applications. In the case of Geo. D. Holwig vs. Harriet E. Holwig, formerly residents of this county, and more recently of Potter county, the request was not granted. The defendant was represented by the Hon. R. B. Stone of this city. The case has been pending three years at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.—Bradford Star.

—The severe wind and rain storm which passed over this section last Sunday morning did considerable damage to fruit and shade trees. A portion of the tin roof on the automobile shed of D. M. Brasted on Mechanic street was torn off and thrown a distance of over 100 feet. A part of the roof on the dwelling house of E. R. Mayo of West Main street was also blown off.

—The Board of Education held a regular meeting at the office of Gorton & Richmond last Friday evening. The only important business transacted was the organizing of a new board and the election of the following officers: President, D. C. Young; secretary, F. D. Gallup, and treasurer, W. F. Specht. John B. Eastman is the only new member on the board, he taking the place of Sheridan Gorton.

—Galeton, Potter county, is unfortunate in being burdened with another disgraceful affair. This time it is J. T. Wheat, a restaurant keeper and married, and he has been arrested, charged with a horrible offense. It is alleged that he has been guilty of criminally outraging little girls of twelve years and under. His wife is of the belief that her husband is innocent and says she will stand by him until the end.

—The regular monthly missionary meeting was held in the Baptist church Monday evening. There was a very good attendance and all seemed appreciative of the program. A part of the second chapter of "The Early Life of Adoniram Judson" was read, and as this was a foreign missionary meeting, appropriate recitations and songs were rendered by the young people which were suggestive of the necessity of helping this cause.

Notice.

My wife, Ollie, having left my bed and board, I hereby forbid all persons to harbor her or give her credit as I will pay no bills of her contraction.

ED. EASTWOOD,

Newerf, Pa., May 22, 1906.

Personal Mention.

J. C. Backus had business in Buffalo this week.

Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was in town Monday.

Lawrence Coleman of Port Allegany is visiting in town.

Mrs. J. C. Backus visited her parents in Eldred this week.

W. B. Fry of Hazelhurst had business in town Tuesday.

Miss May Choate passed Sunday with relatives in Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Friday from a visit in Bradford.

Miss Anna Berg of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town Sunday.

Miss Genie Gifford of Colegrove visited friends in town Tuesday.

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe and Mrs. E. E. Heath are Buffalo visitors.

Hon. Lucius Rogers was over from Kane on business Monday.

Ex-Sheriff C. E. Mayo of Morrisons had business in town this week.

D. L. Forsythe returned last Friday from a short stay in Alfred, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Miss Lois, are visiting in Boston.

Miss Hazel Hopper of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town last Saturday.

Mrs. William Kerr and daughter of Olean are visiting at the home of W. J. Kerr.

Miss Jennie Ryan of Kane is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. C. Gleason.

Mrs. O. H. Barker and little daughter, Margaret, left to-day for a visit in Pittsburg.

Miss Gertrude H. Bender of Buffalo, is a guest of Miss E. L. Dautley for a few days.

Misses Rachel Mayo and Sarah Greer left this morning for a visit with friends in Ridgway.

J. W. Nopling left Tuesday afternoon for Clyde, N. Y., where he will pass the summer.

S. J. Carlson and sons of Turtle Point were pleasant callers at this office while in town Monday.

Mrs. H. E. Dunnjohn returned Monday evening from a few days' visit with friends in Hornell.

Frank Dunbar returned Tuesday from Gibi, N. Y., where he spent a few days visiting his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gallup and daughter of Youngsville are visiting in Smethport and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Garth Ramsey in Mt. Jewett last Sunday.

Mrs. David Garber of Greenville, Pa., was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sweeney of Mill street over Sunday.

R. C. Gleason came over from the county seat Saturday evening and spent Sunday with his wife who is visiting her father, T. H. Ryan.—Kane Republican.

Messrs. S. F. Redfield, J. L. Morrison, C. C. Choate and Lewis Marks left Monday in Mr. Redfield's touring car for Buffalo. The two former gentlemen will also visit Geneva before returning home.

Somewhat Mistaken.

During the course of the trial yesterday and to-day the four men sit in an evident state of nervousness. The perspiration poured from their faces and they mopped it off with their handkerchiefs. They squirmed and fidgeted in their seats and the big desperado, Godino, chewed tobacco as if his life depended on it and listened attentively to the proceedings. He has a fair knowledge of English.—Friday's Bradford Star. As none of the other Italians were in the court room during the trial of Rocco Duqui the writer of the above must have worked his imagination some.

Have your lawn mower sharpened on our machine. Make it better than new.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

One Week's Closing Sale

at almost ⅓ less that our former low selling prices.

We never carry any clothing over from one season to another, hence our rule to hold each season a one week's closing sale of all our Boys and Mens clothing at a reduction of almost 33⅓ PER CENT.

This week we sell Boys Suits that were

$6.00	at	$4.00
5.00	"	3.50
4.00	"	2.75
3.00	"	2.00

WM. MONHEIMER.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

A SALE OF FINE WAISTS.

We offer this week choice of our best waists at ¼ less than marked prices.

We bought too many of the fine grades and take this effective way of reducing the stock.

This is a rare opportunity to replenish your wardrobe at a small outlay.

The styles embody the seasons smartest ideas in Silks, Laces, Nets and Mulls—in Black, White and Colors, in Waists that we have been selling at from $4.00 to $6.50 each. A quarter off saves you from $1.00 to $1.62 on each. Worth looking after is it not? About thirty to choose from.

On sale Friday morning.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Are You Going To Paint?

This will interest you. While it lasts we will sell you a first class mixed paint for ONE DOLLAR per gallon.

This stock must be closed out. Come early while the assortment is good.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Wedding and Graduation Presents at Prill's.

If you are looking for a graduation present come here and we will help you.

We have a complete line of silver case goods sterling ware, cut glass, bric-a-brac, etc.

This will be a Comb and Bracelet season.

We are prepared for this and offer you a line of both, in solid gold and gold filled, at prices that are right.

Watches
Diamonds
Diamond Jewelry
Chains
Festoons
Hat Pins, &c.

Watches demagnetized and repairing at

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

MAX SCHOOLAR.

After I moved into the Reilly Block I found that I could not get all my stock into the store. Now in order to reduce the stock, I will sell all my clothing, gents' furnishing goods and shoes at 25 per cent. discount on the regular price. Please call and look over my stock.

MAX SCHOOLAR, Smethport, Pa.

Reilly Block, opposite Commercial.

A Trespasser

By HONORE WILLSIE

Copyrighted, 1903, by P. C. Eastman

The snow had disappeared from the valley, hedged upon three sides by mountains, but far up in the slopes there were still great white acres of it. Grigsby worried a great deal about these snow patches. At night, when the camp was still, he lay awake hour after hour considering the matter.

The New York stockholders who had sent the young mining engineer out to explore and test the mine had given him no information as to how, when or where to protect his workingmen. On Tuesday of the previous week a great wedge of snow and ice had loosened from the peak, had hurtled down the mountain side, gathering speed and size as it went, and had killed Jim Grady, the foreman, without even stopping to drop him after the deed was done.

"The oldest inhabitant" told Grigsby that such would probably be the programme until spring had set in thoroughly.

So for several nights Grigsby worried. Then on a certain cold, drizzly morning he called the men from the mine and set them, one and all, at work on his idea. The idea consisted of a great "V," with its apex turned up the valley, and when completed the engine house over the mine was to set snugly in the angle of a great fence of logs and bowlders. It took three days to complete the idea, and when it was done Jack Grigsby squared his handsome shoulders, set his teeth grimly on the amber stem of his pipe and said: "There, by gum! I'd like to see a snowslide harm that!"

The oldest inhabitant, who stood by Jack's side, grinned.

"You've put a lot of work on that thing," he said.

"Well, it's worth it," replied Jack.

"Hoh," answered the old miner, "I could 'a' told you something that wouldn't 'a' been any work at all and would 'a' been just as effective as that."

"A nice time to be telling me that!" exclaimed Jack. "Well, what is it?"

The old man pulled a dejected looking envelope out of his pocket, after a long search found a stubby pencil and made a few marks on the envelope back, then walked over to a tree and tacked the paper up on the trunk. Grigsby tolerated him curiously. On the envelope was written:

"Avalanches are requested not to trespass here."

Jack roared. "Well, you're a great joker."

The old man grinned, but shook his head. "Just as good as your wedge," he answered. "You ain't seen a real slide yet. You want to move your mine, that's what you want to do."

Grigsby looked a little troubled. "The president of the company and his daughter are due here this afternoon, but the weather has been so snappy lately I guess we are safe."

Then to himself as he walked away, "I'd give the world and all to see Madge, but"— Then he looked at the V shaped rampart. "Gee, that would stand anything," he said.

The visitors were not expected until late in the afternoon. But it was only 1 o'clock when the short, fat millionaire and his dainty, slender daughter dismounted from their horses and left them at the group of shacks on the mountain side. Then they descended into the gulch, where the shaft opened.

"Now, remember, Madge, no nonsense," the president was putting. "These young engineers are all right in their places. But their places are not as sons-in-law of mine. Seems to me you've been showing rather a live interest in young Grigsby."

Madge smiled, but made no reply to her father's admonitions. They were an old tale, whose moral did not in the least interest her. Her father took the chaperonage of his pretty daughter very seriously.

Jack Grigsby ran forward then with bared head and outstretched hand, but the president had little time to waste on greetings.

"What in thunder is that mountain of rubbish built around the plant for?" he demanded.

Jack explained, the mission of his cherished idea, but the president shook his head.

"Pooh, pooh!" he scoffed. "Fearful looking mess. Better tear it out. Don't need that to keep off a little snow and ice."

Madge interposed tactfully. "Oh, come on!" she cried. "I want to see everything."

The three walked slowly over toward the engine house, Jack explaining eagerly.

"Where are all the men?" asked Madge.

"In the mine, even the engineer. We are having some"—

The oldest inhabitant grasped Jack's arm.

"For heaven's sake," he gasped, "ring the bell. It's coming!"

The three followed his gaze. Far up the mountain, at the beginning of the valley, a roar, and with the roar it seemed as if the whole side of the mountain was sliding down into the valley—a great, gray mass that gathered to itself all that barred its path, huge trees, rolling stones, and always with a roar, increasing in volume to the din of a thousand trains.

"The men, the first in the mines," Jack cried.

He grasped Madge's arm, but the oldest inhabitant thrust him one side. "Manage the girl, man," he said; "I'll take the girl."

Then with his arm about Madge he ran with all his strength up the mountain side. Grigsby seized the president's arm.

"Come!" he cried.

The president started but bravely, but his weight told, and with the third step he stumbled and fell. With each heart throb the speed of the avalanche was lessening their chances. Jack tugged at the heavy old man. Now he could see the bowlders that bridged the front of the avalanche and now it had taken the very pace to which was pinned the fluttering trespass warning. With a superhuman effort Jack flung the president out of harm's way. Then he sprang himself, scarcely noticing a heavy blow from a whizzing tree top.

In another moment the avalanche was a thing of the past, and a great swathe down the center of the valley was polished smooth as a macadam road. With a single glance to see that Madge was safe, he called to the two men and ran to the shaft opening, over which the slide had passed. It was choked with a mass of logs and ice.

"Find ropes," Grigsby cried—"anything! The Lord knows how many were in the shaft!"

It was an hour of terrible toil, but somehow the three accomplished the task. With hands torn and bleeding, panting and half crazed with fear for those below, they toiled unceasingly—the oldest inhabitant, with the strength of a man twenty years his junior, his white hair wet with perspiration; Grigsby, with pale, drawn face, and the president, peeled down to vest and trousers, panting with the best of them.

Grigsby called down through the opening, and the answer came back faint, but cheerfully:

"All safe! What's the rip? Send us down a rope."

When all were safe the president climbed to Jack's cabin and sat down heavily. Jack and Madge followed. He looked at Jack closely.

"Great smoke, man, look at your arm!" he cried.

Jack glanced at the blood stained sleeve from which the arm dangled helplessly. "I knew it," he answered cheerfully. "A tree top slapped me as the slide passed, but I don't care; every man is safe!"

The president stared at the white, dirt stained face. "Madge," he said, "I'd like to have you marry this sort of man."

"That's what Jack and I hoped," answered Madge, smiling even as she moaned over the wounded arm.

"That's settled, then," said the president briskly. "Now let's see what I can do for that arm." And if he noticed that the well arm was encircling Madge's waist, he did not mention the fact.

By the Full Breath.

A story which used to be related years ago had to do with an incident which happened in Sierra county, Cal., the principal actor in which was Judge Searls of the district court.

The judge was on his way from Nevada to Plumas county. At Downieville there were two young lawyers who had agreed to argue a motion when the judge arrived. Then, as time was pressing and both lawyers were also going to Plumas, it was decided to ride along and carry on the argument by the way.

Up the mule trail from Downieville to Monte Cristo, down to Oak Ranch and so on to Eureka the argument proceeded. At Eureka the case was examined with the aid of refreshments, and in due time a decision was reached.

The loser consoled himself with the thought that he had succeeded the mountain without being conscious of the grade.

"Possibly the mule felt it as usual," suggested the judge.

"I think from the result that he, too, was absorbed in helping to make up the opinion," said the lawyer.

The Japanese Way.

It is said that the Japanese are an ingenious race, but it appears to the occidental mind that there are limits to this boasted ingenuity. An entomologist in a New York college tells the Reader Magazine of a case where a trusted Japanese assistant failed him in a moment where singular ingenuity was required. The scientist had a tray of carefully arranged and minute specimens and was carrying it from one table to another, when he stumbled on a protruding chair leg and partly fell, scattering the specimens over the floor. Many hours of work were in a second quite undone. Some serviceable and hard worked expletive must have erupted to his lips and then proved inadequate to the occasion, for, after a pregnant moment of silence, he turned to the Japanese and said:

"Tell me, quick, what would you say in Japanese if such a thing happened to you? Give me the translation instantly."

"Ah," said the Japanese scientist, with calm gravity, "we would address the chair and say, 'You are very impolite.'"

Handle Work With Gloves.

"I hope," said the woman who was ordering a pair of slippers made of flowered satin, "that you will tell your workman to wash his hands before he begins to make these up."

"Wash his hands!" repeated the clerk. "Why, madam, he never will touch these with his bare hands." Then the clerk explained that all workmen employed in making slippers of light colors worked with white gloves on. "Try to keep them clean!" he continued. "I should say they did. They try so hard that they change their white gloves three times a day." Which is not so fantastic as it may seem, for if a shoemaker soils material of this kind the expense to him of replacing the material, to say nothing of the loss of his time, makes it worth his while to work in gloves and keep them clean at that.—New York Press.

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Mignon's Political Instinct

By BELLE MANIATES

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Ruth's retinue of ex-schoolmates were paying her a visit at the executive mansion, the home of her uncle, Stephen Thorn, governor of the state, likewise guardian of Ruth. Sometimes it was difficult for him to determine which of these positions presented the more intricate complications.

He was past his youth, but had not yet approached middle age. The ex-school friends found him awe-inspiring and regarded him from a distance with romantic interest.

"That little silvery patch on each temple is so distingue," ardently declared Lucile.

"Makes me think of the leading man in a play when ten years are supposed to elapse between acts," giggled Mignon Gray.

It was a source of delight to the others that even Mignon felt the influence of their host's demeanor and refrained in his presence from indulgence in frivolous conversation.

To Mignon it was a matter for chagrin. She fortified herself continually by impressive reminders that he was of the people, for the people, by the people, even as she, and that a governor was not to mix it anyway, but the sober material dignity hung round him still, and her forced courage oozed away whenever he addressed her.

On morning the ritualic, with the exception of Mignon, trooped away to the golf links. Mignon remained at home to write letters, but when she knew herself to be alone in the library she rose impatiently. The daring idea of calling upon Ruth's uncle seized her.

"I'd like to see him, too," she mused, "I might, yes, I will, go home."

There was a chest upstairs containing documents belonging to Ruth's deceased father.

Presently there emerged from the executive mansion a chaise, little heard of in up-to-date fashioned flower spring-cart skirt, a face magnificent, a neat straw bonnet and a lace edged veil.

The capitol was only a short distance from the executive mansion and Mignon met few persons. The guard who stood in the front corridor as she entered thought it well enough for a second glance as he directed her to the executive office.

Mignon did not follow his directions. Ruth had told the governor she gained his private sanctum when she was in a hurry and did not have time for the red tape channels of approach through private secretary and messenger. She slipped into the "governor's parlor" and boldly opened the door from there into his private office.

The governor seemed to be alone, and he started in surprise to see who was so bold as to intrude.

"Did you wish to see me, madam?" he asked in courtly manner, placing a chair for the visitor.

"You are the 'governor?'" asked a queer, high pitched voice.

"I am," he admitted.

"I came to see if you would give me a position in the capitol—I am the widow of a soldier and—I pay taxes"—

"A soldier's widow?" asked the governor, with interest. "In what war did your husband serve, civil or Spanish-American?"

There was a moment's hesitation before Mignon decided to locate "her husband" in the civil war.

"What was his company, and in what regiment did he enlist?"

Silence.

"Don't you know the number of his regiment?"

"Oh, yes; thirteen."

"And what state?"

"Pennsylvania."

"And what was the letter of his company?" he asked, beginning to make a memorandum.

"Why—K," triumphantly.

His pencil poised.

"The companies were only lettered to K for infantry, you know."

"Then probably it was K," he said. "K looks like B, you know."

"Yes, sometimes," he admitted, "but what kind of a position did you wish?"

"Any position," desperately.

"What experience have you had?"

"I have copied legal papers," remembering a brief she had once copied for her father, who had wrathfully consigned it to the flames with the criticism that it resembled his Chinese laundry check.

"Have you, indeed?" he said in evident surprise, and Mignon felt that she had acquired importance in his regard. The governor seemed to be absorbed in meditation, and Mignon began to feel the silence embarrassing.

"I don't know of any vacancies or openings at present," he finally remarked, "but if you will make a formal application and leave it here on file I will communicate with you as soon as the opportunity offers."

"Oh, thank you!" she said gratefully. "I don't seem to have any blank forms," he said, looking over the papers scattered on his desk. "However, I'll write one out, and you can sign it and leave your address also."

Mignon had already decided upon a name and address, so when he presently handed her a paper he had written she removed her glove, and on the fine tailor foil she wrote: "Nancy Bettens, 1611 L Street."

He studied the signature carefully. "And what was your husband's first name, Mrs. Bettens?"

"Adam," was the glib response.

"You'll hear from me soon, Mrs. Bettens."

Mignon took this as a dismissal and rose to go.

"Do you think there is any hope?" she could not resist asking as she gained the door.

"I do. The fact of your being a soldier's widow and your having had experience in office work will lead me to consider your application favorably. I shall offer you a position very soon," he replied earnestly.

"What can I shall have telling the girls!" thought Mignon as she sped home. When she had made a change of costume she discovered, to her dismay, that it was too late to join the girls at the country club for luncheon, as she had promised. While she was reflecting on this change in her programme the library door opened and the governor entered.

"Oh, there isn't any luncheon!" she said. "The girls are at the golf links. Mrs. Farnham is invited out for the day, and I—I made a mistake in the time and didn't expect them. You were not expected."

"I didn't come for luncheon," he replied, "but what will you do?"

"Oh, the cook will see that I don't go hungry," she laughed. Some way her fear of him had vanished.

"Let me see to that instead of letting the cook. Will you go to luncheon with me now?"

"What have you been doing all the morning?" he asked as they sat at a little palm screened table.

"I've been writing," she replied in a ruminating tone.

"So have I, and I feel the need of recreation. Will you drive with me after luncheon?"

Mignon decided she would not tell the girls of her morning call. As the days went by she became the companion of the governor in his hours of ease. One evening as she sat alone in the library he suddenly appeared and laid a paper before her. She caught her breath. It was the paper she had signed in the executive office.

"I have come for the fulfillment of your promise," he said gravely.

She had not read the paper that morning in his office, as he had given her no opportunity to do so. With trembling cheeks she now perused the startling application:

"I do hereby faithfully promise that when Stephen Thorn, governor of the state of ——, asks me to be his wife I will accept the offer. NANCY BETTENS,
1611 L Street.

"Well?" he asked curiously.

"It isn't legal or binding," she said defiantly, "because you see, it is signed by a fictitious name."

"Will you sign it properly that deficiency?"

"I prefer," she said softly, "that you make me a verbal offer."

From the Apocrypha.

It is supposed by many to be the language of inspiration and of English poetry and Italian poetry to the Apocrypha. The beautiful lines of Young in his "Night Thoughts" are found in the Apocrypha, as well as the words of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron. Some of the finest passages in Tennyson are evidently to be traced to the verse in the "Book of Wisdom." "As when an arrow is shot at a mark it parteth the air, that immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through." The famous "Hymn of Praise" in Milton's "Paradise" is clearly modeled after the "Benedicite," or the "Song of the Three Children" in the Apocrypha, as in the lines:

The praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe the soft or loud, and wave ye tops,
Ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

It is also to the Apocrypha as to the book of Proverbs we owe many maxims which have become household words in our language and in the languages of all civilized nations.

Apprenticeship.

The disgraceful idea which apprenticeship has fallen into and to which so much unemployed and unskilled labor is to be attributed has no more historical foundation than has the prevailing dislike to domestic service. Both were honorable enough professions at one time, only slightly differing from each other in etymology as in kind. The apprentice—from the French "apprendre," to learn—was usually bound for a term of years to his master, who undertook "to maintain and instruct him." The domestic servant, called a menial by law—from being "intra mœnia," within walls—was, as a rule, bound only for a year. Neither implied any reproach. Indeed, as in the case of Dick Whittington, the London apprentice was very often the younger son of a country gentleman. Perhaps the law made later on and existing into the seventeenth century, under which all young men and women were compellable by the justices to be apprenticed in some way, may have produced a dislike to apprenticeship.—London Chronicle.

Don't Blink Your Eyes.

If ever you find yourself getting into the habit of blinking your eyes rapidly without any cause stamp the inclination out at once. An authority says that this habit will make your eyesight fail long before it should. Natural blinking is essential to clear and moisten the eyes, and the average number of natural blinks per minute is about twenty. These are necessary, and you do them unconsciously. But a nervous "blinker" will get in something like a couple of hundred in a minute in bad cases, and the result of this is a big development of the eyelid muscles and a counter irritation that acts on the optic nerve and renders the sight daily more weak and irritable. The cure consists in keeping the eyes shut for at least ten minutes in every hour, thus resting them, and bathing the lids in warm water.

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Alcohol in Cold Weather.

A scientist thus explains why it is so dangerous to use alcohol in the polar regions: A moderate use of alcohol causes a deposit of fat. Alcohol is not burned into fuel in the muscle and nerve cells, but serves as a pure fuel in the organism and replaces the combustion of fat. Alcohol is therefore dangerous in the extreme cold because it resists the throwing off of heat in a marked degree. The effect is as if a stove in a room should be heated red hot and then all the doors and windows thrown open. Heat produced by muscular work in the body is best obtained from carbohydrates in the food; but, as we see, the indispensable production of heat is best obtained by fats. This explains the instinctive choice of the Eskimo in the tropics they eat little fat and much fruit, while the polar dweller requires immense quantities of fat to keep up the bodily combustion.

The Papal Tiara.

Advertising Tuesday the turn of the pope as a composite emblem. The primary meaning is purity and chastity the fine linen and shine of the crown being of the finest linen. The gold band denotes supremacy. The first cap of dignity was adopted by Pope Damascus II. in 1048. The cap was surmounted with a high cornet in 1295 by Boniface VIII. The second cornet was added in 1335 by Benedict XII. to indicate the prerogatives of spiritual and temporal power combined in the papacy. The third cornet is indicative of the Trinity, but it is not known who first adopted it. Some say Urban V., others John XXII., John XXIII. or Benedict XII.

Not to Be Neglected.

Mrs. Bliss—Here is a letter I want you to post, dear. It is to my milliner, countermanding an order for a hat. Mr. Bliss—Here, take this bit of cord and tie both my hands behind my back, so that I won't forget it.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. W. Brown.
Secretary—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—F. B. Bilderback.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—E. S. Lowe.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

Member of Congress—S. B. Dick, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Masden, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—S. W. Camrel, Bradford; W. McIntyre, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy L. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Commissary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chamberlain, Smethport.
Register—J. L. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—D. Wenner, Smethport.
County Commissioners—Geo. Granville, Keating; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Frank R. Deville, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lewis, Richmond; Elon Cargo, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—C. C. Cuppett, Smethport; C. W. Fenner, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—H. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County Superintendent—Burdette F. Pyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Albert Rinaberg, Jas. McKeon, A. S. Abbey, D. Reagley, James Hartman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Ample, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gibson.
Assessor—F. B. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cuppett, A. H. Ridder.
Judges of Election—G. H. Isaac.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 188, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 189, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BAILEY, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHASE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. O. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.
A. H. KINDER, Com.

I. O. R. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 43, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior league at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine service every Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 2 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church.—Mass, 8 a. m. Mass at 11 a. m. Rosary at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1900
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a.m. week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p.m. week days.
For Eastbrook, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 8:18 a.m. 2:35, 4:35 p.m. week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Lenalee 9:18a.m. week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p.m. week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE
Trains Leave Smethport at
7:25 a.m. for Bradford and Kane via B. R. & K. and Punxsutawney via B. R. & P.
9:25 a.m. for Bradford via B. R. & P.
11:50 a.m. for Bradford via B. R. & K. and Pittsburg via B. R. & P.
2:35 p.m. for Bradford and Kane via B. R. & K. and Buffalo B. R. & P.
6:15 p.m. for Bradford and Kane, via B. R. & K. and Buffalo via B. R. & P.
Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a.m. from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a.m. from Buffalo.
12:45 p.m. from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p.m. from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:15 p.m. from Bradford and Kane.
C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport, via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Bradford	9:05	1:35	6:45
Mt. Jewett	9:45	1:55	6:55
Kane	10:3	2:25	7:30

Leave	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Bradford	7:00		1:35
Kane	6:30	10:15	1:30
Mt. Jewett	7:47	11:20	3:05
	a.m.		

Arriving at Smethport at 8:20 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:40 p. m.
Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Pennsylvania, and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
R. S. HELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern
Effective Nov. 20, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6:30	3:15	11:05	Hornellsville	10:00	5:30	
6:08	2:53		Arkport	10:25	5:54	
			Burns			
6:15	2:30	10:40	Hornellsville dc	10:45	5:37	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.

6:50	3:35		Canawana	9:06	5:25	
7:10	3:50		Sunday	8:48	5:10	
7:28	4:17		Birdsall	8:30	4:52	
7:50	4:36		Angelica	8:05	4:33	
8:22	5:02		Friendship	7:42	4:05	
8:50	5:30		Belvar	7:05	3:33	
9:00	5:40		Olean	6:55	3:22	
			Eldred			
			Larabee			
			Spechport			
			Mt. Jewett			
6:50	4:20		St. Marys			
			Shawmut			
			Freeburg Ville			
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
2:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	10:55	3:30	6:35
2:38	11:08	7:18	Perkinsville	10:50	3:20	6:27
2:44	11:14	7:25	Rogersville	10:42	3:13	6:20
2:52	11:22	7:33	Stony Brook Glen	10:34	3:05	6:11
3:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville dc	10:26	2:58	6:03
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

7:05	3:45		Burns			
4:11	11:41	7:50	Arkport	9:51	2:43	5:47
4:22	11:52	8:03	Hornellsville	10:41	2:30	6:04
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

All trains daily, except Sunday.
l—lunch. d—dining car. t—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
R. C. McLLHENN, General Supt. JOS. T. O'NEILL, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward:			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.02	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.15
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.36	0
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.33	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.23
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Prinke	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.45	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport	--		P.M.
4.40	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.05	1.25
b	0	12.12	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.05	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.31	12.01	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.57
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.04
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

←Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

TH
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"It Is to Laugh"

By M. J. Phillips

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Bob Wentworth tucked his sister and himself snugly into their cutter and started old Dobbin on a brisk trot, for there were three miles of crisp white road to be covered, and it was almost chore time. When they were fairly under way Wentworth turned to his pretty sister, christened Elsie, but known as Toots to all her many friends, and said, "I hear you're going to get married, Toots."

Miss Wentworth's very becoming flush was no doubt due to the weather, for the thermometer hovered about zero. At any rate, she answered very composedly: "Oh, indeed! And who told you, Mr. Smarty?"

"A little bird, Elsie from Chelsea; a little bird." He lent a waggish glance upon her. "I say, which one is it going to be?"

"Ask your little bird," she retorted.

He tried a new tack. "Well, Harry Crossman is a nice fellow."

"Indeed he is," replied his sister.

"Good looking."

"Yes."

"Better looking than Luke Cotter, I think."

"Do you?"

"And more money too."

"Yes."

"Romantic disposition too." Bob was warming to his theme. "Any fellow who will go west and be a cowboy for a year must have some romance about him. Now, I don't believe that Luke Cotter has even been out of the county."

"He was in Chicago last summer."

"With a load of steel. He stayed all of twenty-four hours. Seriously, Toots, I approve of your choice. Cotter's all right, but all he's got is a forty acre farm, and that's mortgaged."

He seemed almost dissatisfied with his sister's nod of assent. After a moment's silence he burst out boyishly: "Oh, I say, Toots, be a good fellow! Which one is it, and when is it going to be? 'Fess up now."

Toots reflectively smothered her muff; then she said cautiously, "Do you promise not to tease me?"

"Cross my heart."

The girl looked down pensively. "They've both asked me."

"Good."

"And—and they're both coming to-morrow for their answers."

"Hurroo!"

"You're not to tease now."

"I won't, honest."

"Well, I haven't really decided which it is to be."

Bob chuckled gleefully. "What a beautiful situation! Toots, you're a winner. I've always said it. Peck's Bad Boy wasn't in it with you for getting into trouble. When are you going to decide, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know."

Miss Wentworth essayed to say more, but her courage failed her. Bob slapped Dobbin with the reins, interrupting a long drawn whistle to grin expansively.

"Bob!"—

He raised his hand. "Oh, I know what you're going to say, and my advice is, don't say it. You want me to help you choose, and I won't. I know you, Toots. If I picked one, you'd marry the other, and if he beat you up you'd blame me. No, my dear, a man should select his own necktie and a woman her own husband."

"I think you're just as mean as you can be," pouted Toots.

"The lady or the tiger," apostrophized Bob, waving a long arm at the horizon. "The gallant cowboy or old Stick-in-the-mud; the heir to—well, thousands and the poor but honest youth; the—hello, what's this?"

A sharp turn in the road had brought them to a most interesting tableau. A team of horses, attached to a sleigh, stood facing them. Behind the sleigh a man in a fur coat clung stubbornly to a long rope. At the other end of the rope an angry steer was plunging and bellowing. Evidently the animal had been tied insecurely to the sleigh, had worked the knot loose and had been about to make a dash for liberty. At this moment the driver had discovered the status of things and taken a hand.

The steer swung abruptly to the left.

HE BORE DOWN ON COTTER AND THE STEER.

The man in the fur coat was swept off his feet by the move and sprawled full length on the snow. The steer charged the rail fence by the roadside, scattered the rails as if they were so many matches and galloped into the smooth meadow lot beyond. The man still dangled at the end of the rope. As the animal began moving in a wide circle through the field he attempted repeatedly to rise, but his heavy coat and the plunging of the steer hampered him.

Bob leaped out of the cutter. "Luke Cotter," he remarked. "His arm's tangled in the rope so he can't get up. The beast can't hurt him, but that dragging will play the mischief with his coat."

There was a rapid thudding of hoofs down the road from behind, and a horseman, a handsome fellow, with dark hair, darted by, with a smile and a nod. He swung his horse through the gap in the fence and bore down on Cotter and the steer. Bob climbed back into the cutter and grinned. "Harry Crossman!" He settled himself to enjoy the denouement. "The plot thickens." His sister sat silent and breathless.

Within half a minute the big bay was running easily in the rear of the prostrate Cotter. Crossman shrewdly anticipated the steer's next turn, grasped the rope midway and set his horse back upon its haunches. Checked in its career, the steer rolled over in the snow.

Cotter scrambled to his feet, freed his arm and secured a firm foothold. Then he and the steer fought it out. In vain the animal threw his weight against the rope; he was conquered, and, accepting philosophically the fortunes of war, he suffered himself to be led back to the sleigh. This time he was tied beyond the possibility of escape.

Beyond a brief word of thanks to his rescuer in the field Cotter had preserved the most profound silence. Crossman rode up to the Wentworth cutter. His black mustache curled back, disclosing pouty lips, like those of a spoiled child, but he smiled modestly at the compliments for his clever action that Bob showered upon him.

When Cotter had finished tying the steer he walked over to the cutter. He surveyed his coat, here and there worn bare from contact with ice and snow and fence rails, in silence; he turned to the field and the circle, marked by bits of fur, around which he had so recently swung. The twinkle in his eye as he caught Miss Wentworth's eye was irresistible. In a moment the whole party was shaken by a gale of merriment, Cotter's laughter ringing above the rest.

"I've decided, Toots," said Bob, as they had driven on.

"I should think you'd better," retorted her brother crossly. "He rides like a—"

"But it isn't he—it's Luke. I guess it's always been Luke, just like Harry Crossman decided after being dragged all over a township by a wrecked steer. Hold my whip, Harry Crossman!"

"Harry Crossman decided after being dragged all over a township by a wrecked steer! Hold my whip, indeed! Bob Wentworth, I'm ashamed of you!"

"You may kiss me, Toots," replied her brother impressively. "I thought I possessed all the brains of this generation; but glad I'm wrong. Old Luke was my choice from the start."

Catherine Built the Palace.

The Petrovsky palace is a charming monument to the more picturesque side of Catherine the Great's character. It was her villa without the walls of Moscow, where she could live at her ease, surrounded by her intimates, the Apraxins, the Volkonskys, the Golitsins, the Razumovs. She would have no soldiers to guard her. She preferred to rest under the protection of her own people, and the people came crowding about the palace, saying: "Make no noise! Do not disturb our little mother!" She loved the fields and woods of Petrovsky as well she might. It was in this neighborhood that she herself awaited the approach of her coronation, staying in Count Razumov's wonderful villa, which so astonished Lord Herbert and William Cox in 1778. She had the palace built to commemorate the Russian victories over the Turks and intrusted the task to a native architect who knew how to adapt Gothic lines to Russian taste and to combine splendor with comfort. The red walls, with their white stone facings and round towers, seen among the trees, give a delightful impression of elegant seclusion. Since Catherine's day all the emperors of Russia have awaited the day of the triumphal entry in the Petrovsky palace.—London Standard.

Financial Distinction.

"There goes a man who was once a great bull operator in this town," said a broker as an elderly, listless gentleman passed through the lobby of a hotel.

"How long ago?" asked his companion.

"Oh, a good many years. He failed three times and his financial career illustrates a curious trait in human nature. After his first suspension the creditors got together for a conference with him. It was found that his liabilities ran near the million mark. They eagerly helped him resume, for the sake of preserving general business confidence, they said.

"Some years later he went under again. There was another conference of creditors. The liabilities were smaller this time, but ran into the hundreds of thousands. 'We mustn't impede an able financier,' they decided, and he was helped to become solvent once more.

"But after his third failure the liabilities ran up to almost nothing at all—for Wall street—hardly $25,000. His creditors met and decided that the age showed too strong a tendency toward reckless speculation. So they drove him into bankruptcy."—New York Press.

SARAH, HUSTLING HEROINE

By DONALD ALLEN

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"Look here, Jim" began Colville one evening, when her brother James came home to supper, "in walking past the tavern this afternoon I saw a strange young man."

"Yes, there is one there," was the reply.

"Who is he?"

"I can't tell you much about him. His name is Ripley, I believe, and he's come down from the city for a four weeks' vacation. He was asking me about hunting and fishing."

James Halliday was a carpenter of the village of Brandyville. His sister Sarah kept house for him.

Sarah Halliday had lived for thirty-three years and no man had hinted of matrimony to her. She never pretended to good looks, but she always insisted that she was tender hearted and had emotion sufficient to make a great actress. Her failure to bring men to the point had rankled, and she had finally made up her mind to do a little hustling for a husband. She had seen the young man sitting on the hotel veranda with his feet cocked up on the railing, and he had at once been marked down. He had looked after her in an eager way, and she flattered herself that she had made an impression.

"If Mr. Ripley is all alone down here he must be lonesome," she said to her brother Jim after supper.

"Yes, he may be."

"Then you'd better saunter up to the tavern and show him that you want to be friendly. You can bring in, if you want to, that I noticed him this afternoon. We've got the mill pond here, and we've got a boat and fishing tackle, and it seems our duty to make the stranger's stay as pleasant as possible. You know how you'd feel if you were away from home."

The brother dutifully obeyed orders. He found Mr. Ripley smoking a cigar on the veranda. He mentioned Sarah, the mill pond, the boat and the black bass waiting to be caught, and Mr. Ripley replied that he should surely take advantage of the situation. He didn't set any date, however, and when he came home to supper on the following evening [illegible] to the sister.

Sarah [illegible]

"SHE CHED TO HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN.

get acquainted with the stranger, and he's over at her house playing croquet."

"Jim, you don't tell me that for a fact!" she gasped.

"Of course I do."

"Humph! The freshness of Miss Susan Jones must be seen to at once."

And it was. Miss Sarah speedily donned another dress, fixed up a bit, and, leaving her brother to eat alone, she started for the Jones house. Mr. Ripley and Susan were just finishing their last game. Sarah walked up to Susan and whisperingly asked for an introduction and forced the issue. When she returned home Mr. Ripley accompanied her, and he didn't leave the house until 10 o'clock. He had made himself very agreeable, and when he had departed Jim observed:

"By thunder, Sarah, but I wish you could marry a feller like him!"

"I mean to," was Sarah's laconic reply.

The next day Jim was left out of it. Sarah and Mr. Ripley took the boat and went fishing, and before they returned she thought she knew her man pretty well. He was romantic. He was inclined to be a hero. He quoted poetry. He talked to Jim and love a heroine. When Jim came home that evening there was a twinkle in his eye, and after hearing about the fishing trip he said:

"Mr. Ripley seems to be a feller who gets acquainted with folks pretty fast. I just saw him walking home with Tillie Graves."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Sarah as she paused in the act of pouring out the tea.

"That's what I saw. She was at the tavern to see the landlord's wife, and I 'spose she was introduced."

"Well, I'll put a stop to that pretty sudden. I told Mrs. Graves only last week that Tillie was altogether too conceited."

Again Jim was left to eat his evening meal alone while the sister started out with aggressive steps. She saw Tillie and Mr. Ripley at the gate while she was yet a long way off. She walked straight up to them and observed that it was a beautiful evening for seeing the full gain, and bore the stranger away. When the pouting waiters of the dam had been sufficiently admired the young man was walked to the Halliday homestead and kept busy reciting poetry and drinking tea until 11 o'clock.

In the course of a couple of weeks at least half a dozen girls were introduced to Mr. Ripley by the landlord's wife, and each and every one of them set out for a flirtation with him. Each and every one of them came to grief, however. Sarah was in evidence, and when she battled in the others had to butt out. At the end of a fortnight she felt herself in good as engaged. Mr. Ripley had great of her strength and skill in casting her luck in fishing and her emotional temperament, and she had several times caught him glancing at her as a man only glances when his admiration is aroused. He had been asked to tea three or four times, and the two had boated and fished every afternoon, and all was going well.

"How's it coming out, Sarah?" asked brother Jim one morning at the breakfast table.

"There's only one thing needed," she replied. "Haven't you noticed that he is always talking about heroes and heroines?"

"Yes."

"If I were a heroine he'd pop the question inside of twenty-four hours."

"But how can you be?"

"I can't say just now, but I'm going to think it over during the day."

That afternoon she received a note from Mr. Ripley excusing himself from calling on the ground of a slight illness, and two hours after she had read the note she learned that he was sitting on the piazza with the Widow Phelps, who had had two husbands and wanted a third.

Sarah plunged fast from that time on. Sarah had learned that Mr. Ripley arose and breakfasted at 8 o'clock. He then spent an hour on the veranda smoking and reading. The mill dam was not a hundred feet away and in plain view.

Next morning as the young man on a reaction was smoking, he heard some one calling his name. He looked up, and there was Sarah Halliday in an aimless boat floating down upon the dam. She cried to him again and again, and it was plain to him that she must be swept over the falls and drowned. The best thing he could do, however, was to fall over his rocking chair and roll down the steps. Right under his eyes the boat went over the dam, and right under his eyes a sawmill man, who had never before had a hero, fished Sarah out with a long pole. She was not drowned, but insensible. They filled her full of hot tea, and then she was put to bed, and it was two days later when Jim was permitted to ask:

"Now, then, what in the old Harry were you doing in that boat at that hour in the morning?"

"Rowing," she answered.

"How came you to have the oars?"

"I wanted to be rescued."

"Oh, I see. You wanted to be a heroine, eh, and you wanted to give Ripley a chance to play the hero?"

"Has he sent me any flowers?" she asked, avoiding a direct reply to his question.

"Naw!"

"But he surely called?"

"How could he call when he took a skate that very forenoon?" bluntly replied the brother.

"Did he see me all wet and woozy?"

"Of course, and that's why he skated!"

Poor Sarah! She had hustled, but she had lost.

A Mediæval Bill of Fare.

A fourteenth century manuscript still extant records the festivities attendant on the marriage of Violante Visconti with the Duke Lionel Plantagenet, son of Edward III. of England, at Milan, Italy. The wedding dinner consisted of eighteen courses, as follows: First course, sucking pigs wrapped in a thin coating of gold, fish with their mouths giving forth fire; second, hares roasted and gilded; third, veal roasted and trout incrusted in gold; fourth, quails, partridges and again trout, roasted and gilded; fifth, ducks, game and more fish; sixth, beef and capons undressed; seventh, capons, meat and fish done in lemon; eighth, beef and fish of different kinds; ninth, eels and more meat; tenth, galantine of meat and fish; eleventh, lamb roasted; twelfth, hare and wild boar with onions; thirteenth, venison; fourteenth, quinces and chickens with red saffron of apples and lemons; fifteenth, peacocks with [illegible] pelicans roasted, sauced in their own plumage; sixteenth, pheasants, eggs, fritters boiled in spices; seventeenth, cheese and eighteenth, cherries.

Wit Used as an Ax.

An Indiana [illegible] had a tree on his premises he wanted to cut down, but being [illegible] his back and having a dull ax, he hit upon the following plan: Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon hunting, he made a coon's foot out of a potato and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks in the snow to and up the tree. When all was ready, he informed his neighbors that the tree must be filled with coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his coon's foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen fellows with sharp axes were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking his regular turn. The party also brought dogs and shotguns and were in ecstasies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The tree finally fell, but nary a coon was seen to drop.—Germantown Telegraph.

CHUMS

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Copyright, 1901, by Homer Sprague

"The only feeling that ever lasts between a man and a woman is friendship. Make your friend your lover, you lose him when the flirtation has reached its climax, and the artistic ending is a final separation. Make your friend your husband, you are bound to him by a rope of fading illusions and inevitable discord. When 'Life has changed to Longfellow,' what love began, a tender rhyme. Keep your friend—your friend—no more, no less—he is yours forever."

Thus said Donald Randolph, twenty-four and diffident, to Helen Ward, nineteen and riffled with world sorrow of her years.

On these tenets was their friendship established, and though in treacherous moments, months apart, it sometimes occurred to Helen to wonder how Donald's voice, unusually rhythmic of cadence, might sound in pronouncing words intentionally emotional, she always dismissed the thought as maudlin.

They had been friends—"chums," they called it in their warmer moments—for four years, when Lilla Gardner's wedding, with its demands for best man and maid of honor service, confronted them.

"If only Lilla had asked some other girl or Martin had asked some other man," said Helen uncomfortably, "I shouldn't in the least mind being maid of honor to Lance Folsom's best man, or Tom or even Dan Harris—but with you it's different. One has to flirt with the best man. It's part of the ceremony." She glanced across the moonlit space between them. "We're friends, and I won't flirt with you."

"Of course not," said Randolph with unnecessary fruitiness. "Are you going up tomorrow?"

"Evening train," she responded briefly.

"No need for me to call, then, is there?" he inquired. "I thought of coming in the morning."

"How absurd, please do. Why should you when I'd much rather you didn't. It would look so significant."

"Very well, see you tomorrow then," he said, and let her with a handshake, cool and friendly.

She did not see him till 8 o'clock the next night, when, after a late train and a late dinner, she descended to the library in search of the other members of the bridal party. In a nook by an open window she found Lilla and Martin absorbed in certain arrangements for their departure the next day. With them was Randolph and Helen fell at once into the discussion of expediting the rice and old shoes by means of the side door and a hired vehicle.

Once the question was settled, however, the conversation languished, and at the interception of a third telepathic communication between the lovers Helen strayed off in desperation.

"It's too warm in here," she complained. "Let's go find the others, Donald."

"They went out there somewhere," Lilla suggested cordially.

"I dare say we can find them," said Helen with a smile.

She stepped through the window on to the wide porch and Randolph followed without delay.

"Now this is what I object to," she broke out, furiously, when they were out of hearing of the two inside, "one doesn't want an enforced tete-a-tete. Do you know where the others are?"

"Dancing in the schoolroom," said Randolph, without interest.

"Dancing," cried Helen. "That settles it. I simply cannot dance tonight. I'm tired to death. It's a good thing we're chums and don't have to talk, isn't it? I know I'm not at all interesting tonight." She sat down in a hammock swing behind her and motioned to a big wicker chair. "Smoke if you like and don't bother to talk unless you want to."

Randolph produced a stubby pipe from his coat pocket. When he had puffed a few moments in silence he crossed his legs and clasped his hands behind his head.

"You make a man adorably comfortable, Helen," he said, slowly, then added more decisively: "You're the finest kind of a chum."

"Always a chum—always," she answered, with a queer difference of intonation in the repetition that Randolph interpreted as a warning.

"Martin got his passes today for the Frisco trip," he said hastily, in a businesslike tone.

"Did he? Then they go direct?"

"Not quite. Lilla wants to see Salt Lake City, and Martin knows a fellow who has a ranch in Colorado. They're going there for a week or ten days. Jove, that's a trip!"

"Isn't it? But I think the coming back will be almost as good. Have you seen the house? In town, you know, on Bolivar street. I went over it this week with Lilla. It's almost perfect. Not too large, and yet large enough. A dear little reception hall dining room in Flemish oak and tapestry paper; drawing room in dull light green. But the library! I think I could improve in the library." She clasped both hands about one knee and stopped swinging. "What's it like?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Very good papering," said Helen earnestly, "dark red and stained floor, with some very good rugs. But the bookcases!"

"Separate, I suppose?"

"Yes, and they ought to be low, along the walls, all around in one wood, instead of which he has one mahogany, all cherry. You can't imagine the disjointed effect. Then, instead of a big leather chair at the fireplace there is a rocker." She broke off again with a sigh. "I can imagine how Cousin Harry would look on a winter evening, with a wood fire and the light coming through those leaded window panes and the chair piled with cushions and the books one likes best to read."

"Lilla has red hair," said Randolph thoughtfully, "and she wears pink gowns. She'd jar on the color scheme."

"Oh, Donald, you are nice," sighed Helen mirthfully. "You see what one thinks as well, and that's my idea of a friend," she concluded, with sudden fervor.

"A library like that would fit a woman with dark hair," said Randolph, his eyes on the dusky head beside him—"a woman who wore a pale yellow gown and had shadows in her eyes. She would be sitting there in the big chair with a book when a fellow came home in the evening, and she wouldn't talk to him if he was tired, and she'd let him smoke, and she'd play for him—"

"Would they have a piano in the library?" objected Helen nervously.

"A violin," said Randolph. "She'd play Chopin for him, as you play it, and Schumann"—

"Dear me," interrupted Helen lightly, "you're infected by the sentimental environments. Isn't it lucky we're chums, so that I understand your mood and don't reply in kind?"

She walked to the railing and stood looking out across the shadowy lawn.

"What chums we've been, haven't we?" There was a pathetic note in her voice. "We've never spoiled it by flirting. Do you remember what you used to say—'Make your friend your lover and you lose him?' We'll never do that. 'Keep your friend your friend—he is yours forever.' It's true, quite true, isn't it?"

Helen gripped desperately for the easy, commonplace tone he had taught her lest in losing it she lose him too.

"I think we've proved your theory, you and I—friendship is the only thing that lasts between a man and woman. Ours has lasted, will last."

"Will not last," said Randolph miserably. "After this"—he drew her to him and kissed her—"I suppose I've lost you for good and all now," he said desperately, "but I love you. I couldn't pretend any longer. I've got to care more than a chum or not at all."

Helen leaned limply against his shoulder in the peace that follows a great strain.

"I thought you wanted to be friends," she said, with a pathetic little laugh, "so I pretended too. And now we've spoiled your theory, for it seems that friendship doesn't last either."

"No, thank the Lord," said Randolph fervently, "not for us."

Too Lazy to Live.

Tim Wooden was literally "too lazy to live," as the anecdotes of him told in an old "History of Milwaukee" go to prove. It may be that the doctors of today would pronounce him a victim of the insidious germ which works to uncontrollable languor, but the diagnosis of the good old times of Tim's career reads simply, "plumb laziness."

A party of Indians, knowing Tim's peculiarities, once captured him for fun and made him believe that they were going to burn him at the stake. They took him to some distance from the village, tied him to a tree and heaped wood about him. Just as the pile was ready to light the chief approached and whispered in Tim's ear that if he would never tell who had captured him he would release him and let him return to Milwaukee.

"What, walk twenty miles?" exclaimed Tim. "If you'll lend me a horse I'll agree to it."

One time when Tim was lumbering a loose log made a perilous descent down the side of the hill. The shouts of the other men warned him that the danger was coming his way, but rather than expend vital force in jumping he let the log strike him and break his leg.

Pulled the Court's Leg.

The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English colonies:

"Pachui is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said court was in the act of mounting into its buggy came from behind and seizing the court's dangling leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the court, frightened the horse and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his. The practice by petitioners of pulling the courts by the legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man, admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment."

Strange to relate, the lieutenant governor of the province on reading this sentence felt it necessary to intimate to the magistrate that neither the sentence itself nor the peculiar phraseology in which it was couched was calculated to meet with approval from minds running in legal grooves.

A Cub.

Infant lions and bears are now generally spoken of as "cubs," but in former times the word "whelps" would have been used. Every edition of the English Bible from Wycliffe's time to 1611 gives "whelp" for the young of the lion or bear. A "cub" meant originally in English only a young fox. But by Shakespeare's time it was possible to talk of the "young suckling cubs" of a she bear, and Waller even applied "cub" to a young whale, now known as a "calf." The origin of "cub" is not really known, though the conjecture connecting it with the old Irish "cuib," a dog, would make it akin to the Latin "canis" and English "hound."

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BERTIE'S INDECISION

By Ida Wright Hanson.

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.

Martha's eyes were troubled as she hung up the receiver.

"Just like Bertie," she mused, taking up her coat, cap and goggles and going slowly up the stairs. "Exactly like Bertie. This morning we were to spend our last afternoon sailing; at noontime he sent a messenger to say he had changed his mind and would come in his automobile; now he telephones that we will go car-run wheels to the redwoods."

"Unstable as water, but handsome as a king—ought to be," was her thought a few minutes later. They were walking down the garden path to the bicycles waiting at the gate.

"Here's a flower for you," he said gayly, stooping to pick a pelargonium. "Fitting symbol of you is this Martha Washington. Not a bit high toned, but smiling alike on the rich and the poor; delicately colored, but sturdy for all that, my Martha."

She responded absently to his chatter. She was glad he did not seem to expect much of her in the way of conversation.

"I suppose you have been wondering why I changed my mind so often."

They had walked up hills and wheeled down them and over the level places and along the cool shady path to the redwoods. They were sitting where a streamlet leaped forward to kiss the feet of the ferns, where the redwoods gave out a soothing fragrance. A few steps away was garish sunshine, but here shade and coolness and quiet. Martha's troubled heart lightened, and she smiled winsomely into Bertie's face.

"Why?" she queried.

"Because I am going to ask you something, and I wanted to choose the best place for it. This is the best of all, isn't it, beloved? I want you to marry me, Martha, tonight and go away with me or not go away. I don't know that I care anything about seeing New York, anyway."

"You want me to marry you tonight for fear that by Christmas or September, or tomorrow you might change your mind? Thanks for the compliment, and no, thank you, for the offer."

Bertie's face was white. She was savagely glad she had hurt him. He might realize a little of her suffering.

"Do you think I want a husband who changes his mind on a subject as many times as there are hours in a day? What pleasure is there in you, Bertie Harrison, and what confidence can one have? We were to read to improve our minds. You began with William Tell at the arrow scene; then you took a chapter in 'Merchant of Venice' next you thought Burton Holmes' travels'—"

"Don't, Martha," Bertie interrupted. "Possibly I shall thank you some time, but just now I can't stand any more than a homeopathic dose."

If Bertie had got furious with her or if he had cried—she felt as if she would not have been surprised to see him cry like a girl—she could have kept on jotting him with her sharp words, but to have him quiet and white—that was something she could not bear. Tears dropped on the Martha Washington in her cold hand.

"Forgive me, dear; I didn't mean"—

"Pardon me, Martha; I think you meant exactly what you said. In the flash of your words I see what I wonder I have failed to discover heretofore. Isn't there a saying that if you can properly diagnose a case the cure is half effected? If I overcome the fault and make a man of myself may I expect your favor, Martha?"

She shook her head.

"I can't have any faith in you, Bertie, but, after all you are not to blame. You can't be different. There are too many odds against you. It's hereditary. My father knew your father well. Gemini is your birth sign—two forces pulling in opposite directions. Then your fortune stands in your way and even your name. You can never expect a Napoleon of a Bertie."

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" he said bitterly. "But you remember the best did come out of Nazareth. If you cared for me"—

"I care, Bertie, if that's any consolation. I could wait years for you, but"—

"Well, that's enough. Bertie threw up his head and caught it as it came down. The red came back into his smooth cheeks. "Now I will fare forth into the world and show you what a man's will can do in spite of heredity and natrology and all the rest. You'll see, Maid Martha."

This sudden change of spirit was so like variable Bertie that Martha sighed.

"I'm sorry I can't encourage you."

It was a year before news came from the absent Bertie. Martha might have inquired from his friends in her own city, but she was too proud. He had turned from her as lightly, as easily, as he had always flitted from one phase of life to another—a butterfly, she thought scornfully. Why should she waste tears on him? So she spent her days among her flowers and books, and if her nights were not always peaceful she gave no sign.

At the year's end a thick packet came to her. With nervous, trembling haste she tore off string and paper and brought forth Bertie's diary.

"And to think I doubted him," she sobbed as she found her name on every page.

He had taken with him to New York $100 of his fortune, pledging himself not to touch another penny of it till a year had gone. He had sought service immediately, beginning with the most menial tasks. How his sensitive nature loathed them none knew better than Martha. He had kept at each employment till he found something a step higher.

At the end of four months he closed out a friend of his father, who offered him a clerkship and gave him freely all the information he needed. It was when he was established in this that he had made his code of rules.

After office hours a two hour walk, dinner, then study till 11 is his bedtime. This was not to be varied for six days. Sundays were to be free.

"I am beginning," he wrote, "on Macaulay's history. I swore not to take up anything else till these volumes are finished."

"Can he be strong enough, the dear, brave boy?" Martha wondered as she read eagerly on, but it was when she was smiling over some whimsical, happy thought, written in Bertie's happy expression, that it came.

"Failed!" on a dozen pages. Then once more bravely a line from Goldsmith, "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

After that was the continuation of the arduous routine. On the last page he had written, "If I do not win my Martha after all, I feel that I shall come somewhat nearer to deserving her!"

Another six months dragged by. The diary contained no clew to his address save New York city, so that Martha could not send him encouragement and loving messages of which her heart was full. She felt that she deserved the suspense, but it was fearfully hard to bear. When it seemed to her that she could endure it no longer, an ominous yellow envelope came to her.

"Burt Harriman seriously ill in B. hospital; constantly calling Martha."

Even in her distress Martha noticed "Bert," not "Bertie," mute tribute to his winning battle against birth signs, heredity and fortune.

Less than a week later Martha sat trembling in the office of B. hospital while a sweet faced nurse talked to give her time to regain her control.

"It was 'Martha, Martha, Martha,' till Mr. Dean, his employer, decided to look through his belongings for a possible clew. We found your name and address and ventured to telegraph. He is rational now, but naturally extremely weak. You may see him, but not for long."

"How did he get the fever?" Martha quavered.

"Overwork. Mr. Dean saw that he was doing too much, but his advice was not heeded. Mr. Harrison would reply that in six months he would take a vacation. Then came the great storm. Mr. Dean warned him, but he would walk for two hours, no matter what the weather, or dogged persistency to an idea Mr. Dean said he never saw his equal."

The nurse's keen eyes saw that Martha's trembling lips had grown quiet and she answered the smile in her wet eyes cheerily.

But when at last Martha was by her lover's side she was the weaker of the two.

"I felt all day that you were coming, dear," he said quietly. "You have waited for me, haven't you?"

Fiercely restrained sobs choked back her answer, but she laid her head on Bertie's pillow, and he was content. Next day they awaited the coming of the minister with prayer book and ring.

Seventeenth Century Panegyrics.

George II. inquired why Milton did not write his "Paradise Lost" in prose: One sympathizes more with Stephen Duck, the peasant poet, who read the great epic over "twice or thrice with a dictionary before he could understand the language." We find ourselves somewhat at a loss to understand the language in which were couched the fulsome panegyrics of the late seventeenth century. Dr. Hill selects two which he would be hard to outdo. The first is Dryden's to Roscommon:

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
His fame augmented by a British peer!

Cant goes almost farther in the second and blasphemy a good deal farther. It is Halifax's lament for Charles II.:

In Charles, so good a man and king, we
A double image of the Deity.
Oh, had he more resembled it! Oh, why
Was he not still more like and could not die?

This seems unsurpassable. Yet if Dr. Hill had been concerned with the poems of Mr. Richard Duke he would doubtless have secured an almost equally startling couplet in memory of a monarch whose wit has been more often extolled than his virtue:

Good Thing could, but Charles could never say
Of all his royal life, he lost a day.

Professor W. P. Trent in Forum.

His Ambition.

A new vicar was being shown round the parish by his warden.

"The natives are a hardy lot, sir," he said, "but you haven't seen Peter Sparks. He's the quaintest character in these parts."

This individual turned out to be the sexton, and he was discovered ringing the church bell.

"Is not this bell ringing almost too much for you, my friend?" asked the vicar sympathetically, noting the bent figure of the old man. "You must be a great age?"

"Yessir, yessir," mumbled the old fellow. "Ow many years I've tolled the bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. However, I've toll-ed the bell for five vicars."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the clergyman incomfortably.

"And," soothered the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the half dozen. I think I'll retire then."—Chicago Times.

Divided.

Helen, a little girl of four years, came to her mother with a look of pain on her face and said, "Mamma, I have two bad headaches."

"Two headaches?" said her mother. "How can that be?"

"Well, I have one above each eye."—Judge.

LEGENDS OF OLD MINES.

The Value of the Records of Past Production.

American mining engineers are familiar with speculative schemes, based upon the real or supposed former productiveness of the mines upon which they are exerted. To say nothing of such enterprises as that of Richard Burton, who thought he had rediscovered in Egypt the sources of Solomon's treasure itself somewhat mythical, there are more recent instances in abundance. The books of Humboldt and Ward on Mexico gave rise in the first half of the nineteenth century to an immense and disastrous investment of English capital in the unwatering of old Mexican gold and silver mines on the strength of reports from "government archives," showing their immense production and sundry legends accounting for their temporary abandonment. In the prospectuses of such schemes, references to pestilence, war, quarrels among owners, etc., as the causes of the interruption of an almost incredibly profitable business are well known features.

No doubt all ancient evidence, whether historical or legendary, has its value for mining enterprises, but it is well to bear in mind that Mexican miners did not usually leave rich ore when they stopped working a mine, and there is another proposition, applicable to many mines outside of Mexico, yet too often overlooked—namely, the record of past production is a measure not of what is left, but of what is not left, in the ore deposit of a mine.—Engineering and Mining News.

How Legged Men.

Do not revile the bow legged man, for he plays an important part in the world. It is estimated that 40 per cent of mankind are bow legged, so numerically this class is entitled to great respect. Bow legs invariably accompany a robust physique. We find them one of the conspicuous features of athletes. Comedians are almost always bow legged. Of the bow legged geniuses to which humanity points with pride the most illustrious examples are Cæsar, Horace, Napoleon, Wellington, Schopenhauer and Cavour, the celebrated Italian statesman.—London Answers.

Auction Sale.

Notice is hereby given that I will expose for sale at auction on my farm near Farmers Valley postoffice, on Wednesday, the 27th day of June, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property:

1 team heavy work horses,
1 pair trucks,
1 pair sleighs,
1 double work harness.

The above mentioned property to be sold by virtue of my common law lien which I have for their keeping.

FRANK CALDWELL.
Farmers Valley.

For Sale.

Farm, 130 acres, situate about four miles west of the village of Friendship, N. Y., on the main travelled highway between the villages of Friendship and Cuba; well watered; young orchard consisting of apple, pear, plum and cherry; sufficient wood for farm and building purposes, sixty head of stock and some other personal property. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Only small payment required down. Address Lock Box 108, Friendship, N. Y.

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FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1906.

JAMES BRAY, Collector, in account with Keating Township School Fund Duplicate, 1905 and 1906 Duplicate.

Dr.		
To bal. due last auditors' report		$ 1270 59
Cr.		
By paid Treas. Becker	$ 991 46	
By com. on $991.46 at 5%	49 60	
By additional exonerations 1905 and 1906	226 40	
By amt. due Keating Twp. School District in bal.	2 61	1270 59

A. G. FARLEY, Collector, in account with Keating Township School Funds, Duplicate 1905.

Dr.		
To amount of duplicate school	$4228 42	
To rem. of school building	300 00	$ 4528 42
Cr.		
By amt. paid Treasurer C. C. Becker	$3770 89	
By exonerations 1905 duplicate	300 53	
By taxes returned to co. commissioners	85 10	
By 5% allowed taxpayers on $2136.61	106 83	
By 2½ commission on $1628.41 school	32 47	
By 2½ commission on 465.77 school building	9 32	
By 5% commission on 1691.61 school	84 59	
By 5% commission on 135.00 school building	6 75	
Balance due township	830 84	$ 4528 42

C. C. BECKER, Treasurer, in account with Keating Township School Funds for the year ending June 1st, 1906.

Dr.		
To received state appropriation		$ 2981 08
To received from county treasurer		1446 75
To received from ex-Collector Bray		991 98
To received from Collector Farley		9770 89
To received from ex-Treasurer Verdon		81 88
To received loan from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.		1000 00
To received loan from J. C. Small		1000 00
To received from Winifred Booker, wages returned		2 00
To received tuition from Bradford township		118 56
To received tuition from Lafayette township		149 76
To received tuition from Otto township		88 20
Due Treasurer Becker to bal		186 55 — 21492 36
Cr.		
By paid teachers wages	$8880 80	
By paid attending institute	217 00	
By paid school supplies, text books	141 58	
By paid school supplies other than text books	516 78	
By paid building and furnishing	370 80	
By paid rent and repairs	362 10	
By paid debt and interest	2495 00	
By paid secretary's salary, bal. 1904 and 1905	260 00	
By paid fuel & contingencies	493 34	
By paid directors attending collection co. supt. 1905	1 30	
By paid freight	21 09	
By paid school journal	7 00	
By paid tuition Smethport Boro and Bradford High Schools	61 62	
By paid publishing auditors report	31 80	
By paid auditors	36 00	
By paid directors attending directors' convention	16 00	
By paid com. on $1492.36	74 61	$ 14492 36

EX-TREASURER VERDON in account with Keating Twp. School District.

Dr.		
To bal. due Township last auditors report		$ 213 56
Cr.		
By paid Treas. Becker	$ 81 88	
By amount due township in bal.	131 68	$ 213 56

LIABILITIES.

To amt. outstanding orders	$ 221 05 — $ 221 05

RESOURCES.

By amt. due from Collector Farley	$ 826 84
By amt. due from ex-Collector Bray	2 61
By amt. due from ex-treasurer Verdon	131 68
Liabilities over resources to bal.	1268 07 — 2231 05

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Collector Farley and Treasurer Becker do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 9th day of June, A. D., 1906.

A. L. BROCKMAN (seal)
A. H. WASHBURN (seal)
S. D. CRAWFORD (seal)

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Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENN. SYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 26, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 18461 44
Checks and other cash items		2171 08
Due from Banks and Bankers		124535 43
Commercial and other paper purchased		307443 11
Call Loans upon collateral		7500 00
Time Loans upon Collateral		262108 87
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		119057 18
Investment securities, viz: Stocks, Bonds, etc.	$36811 03	
Mortgages	4388 17	109240 85
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17516 14
Overdrafts		875 05
		990176 60

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	300000 00
Surplus Fund	50000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	17738 29
Deposits, subject to check	256583 81
Deposits, special	435853 50 — 692450 31
	990176 60

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss:
COUNTY OF MCKEAN }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of June, 1906.

(signed) HALLIE A. WALKER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 10th, 1907.

Correct—Attest:
(Signed) JOHN FORREST,
(Signed) F. D. GALLUP,
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN,
Directors.

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H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lampler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Hennighoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 a. m. 1:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

Central Hotel,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best to market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Wright House,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
GOODE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

Commercial House,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Bayer House,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

New Spring Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.
Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.